MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 40

FEBRUARY

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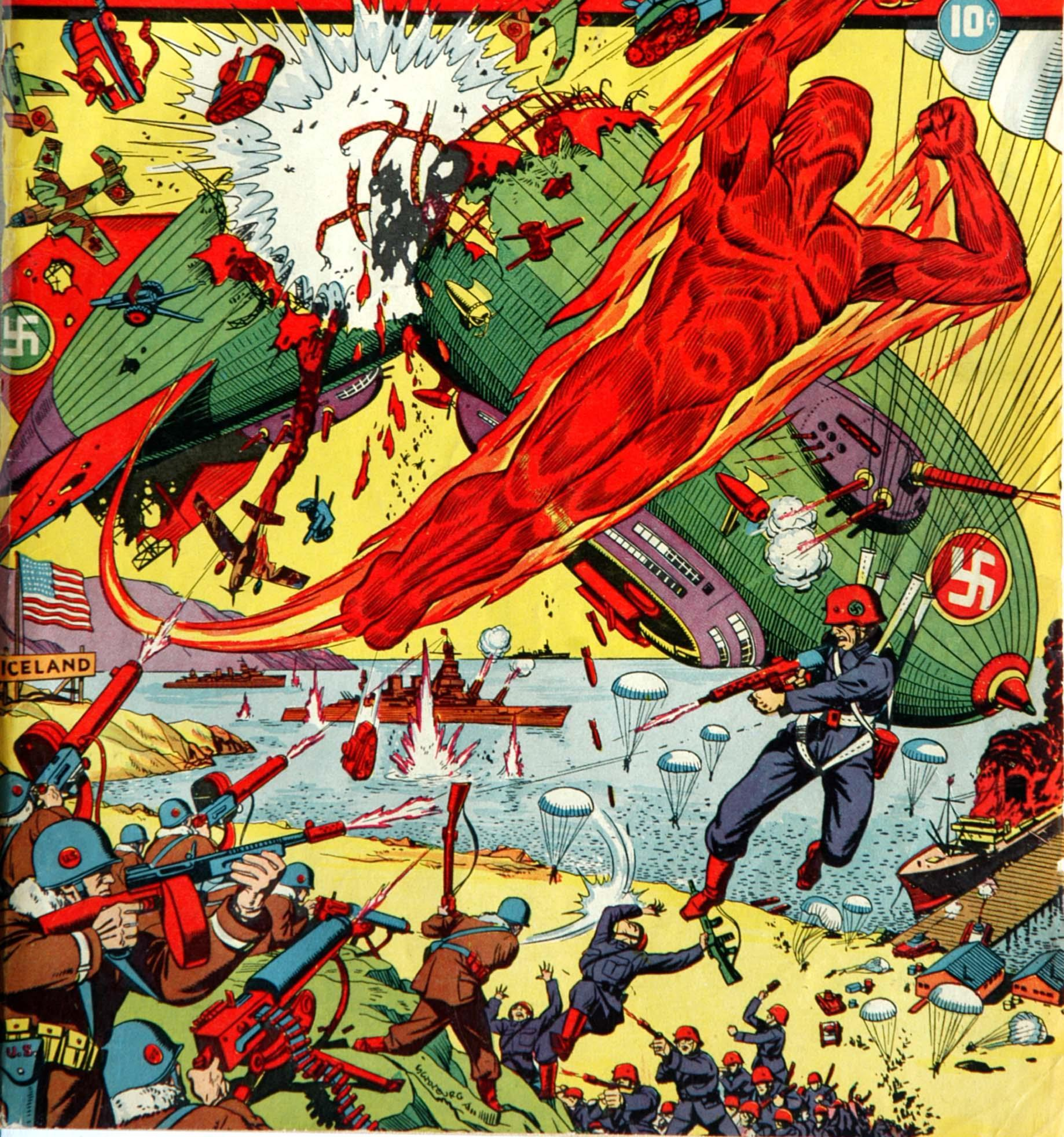
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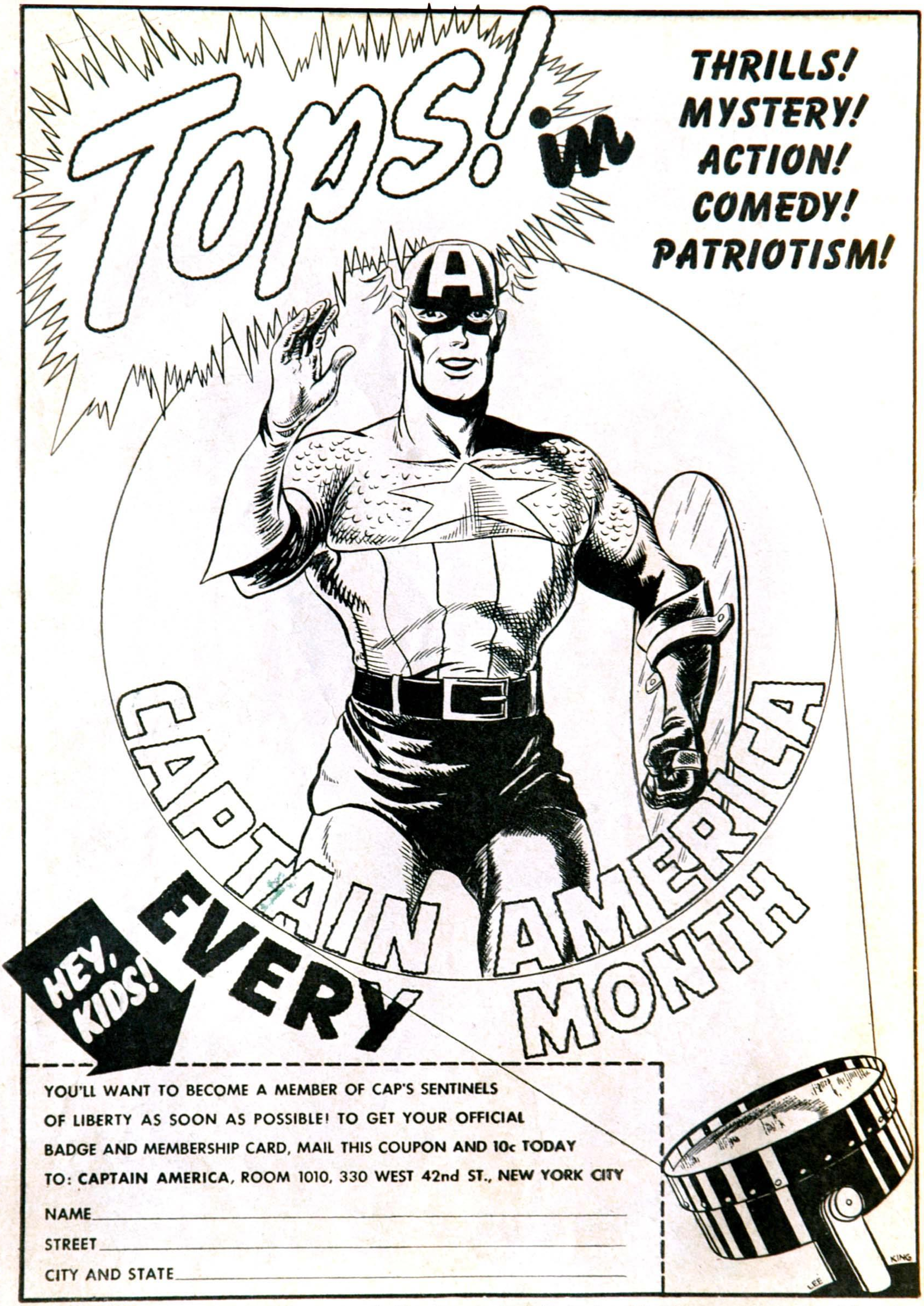
Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH
LEE
KING

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

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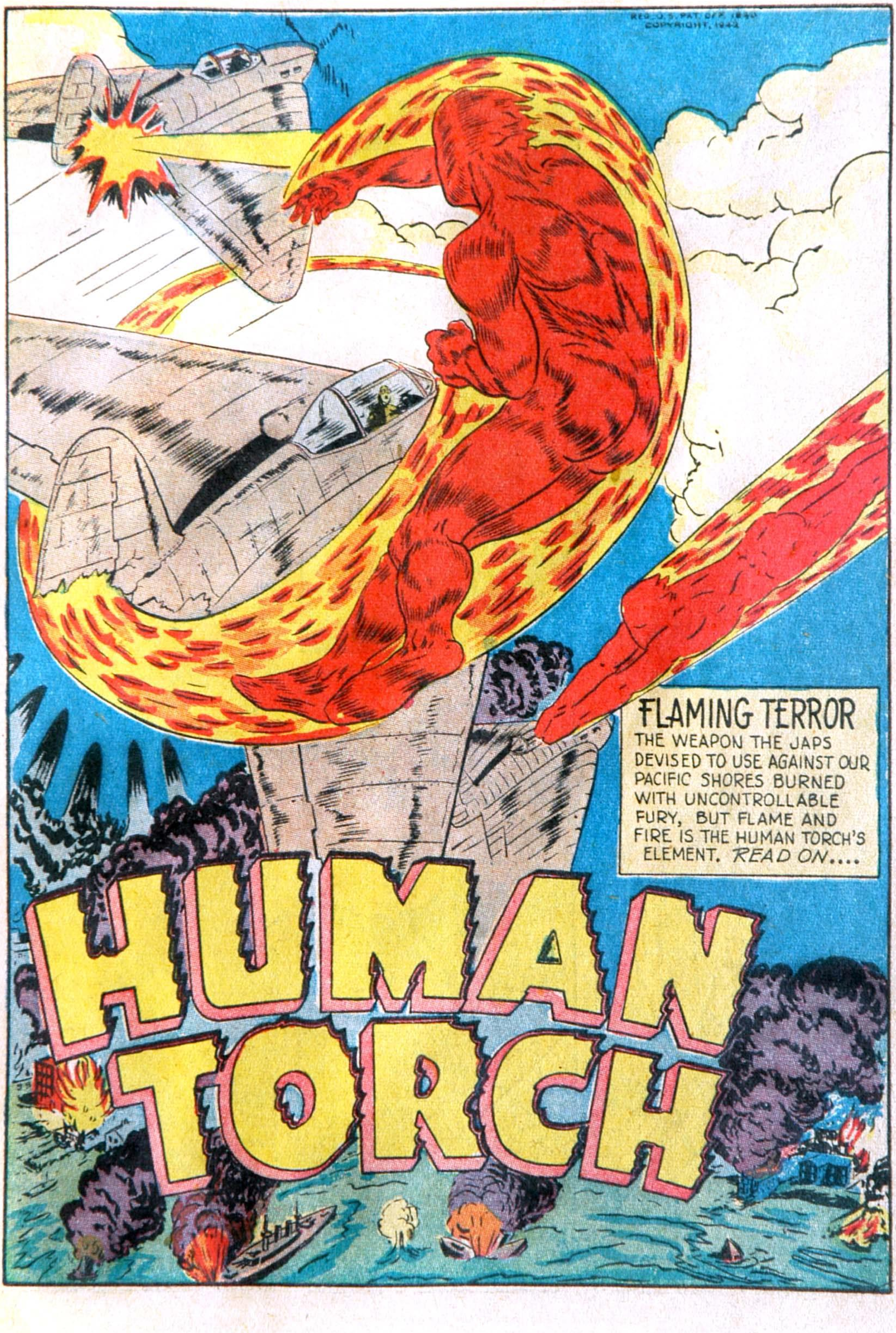
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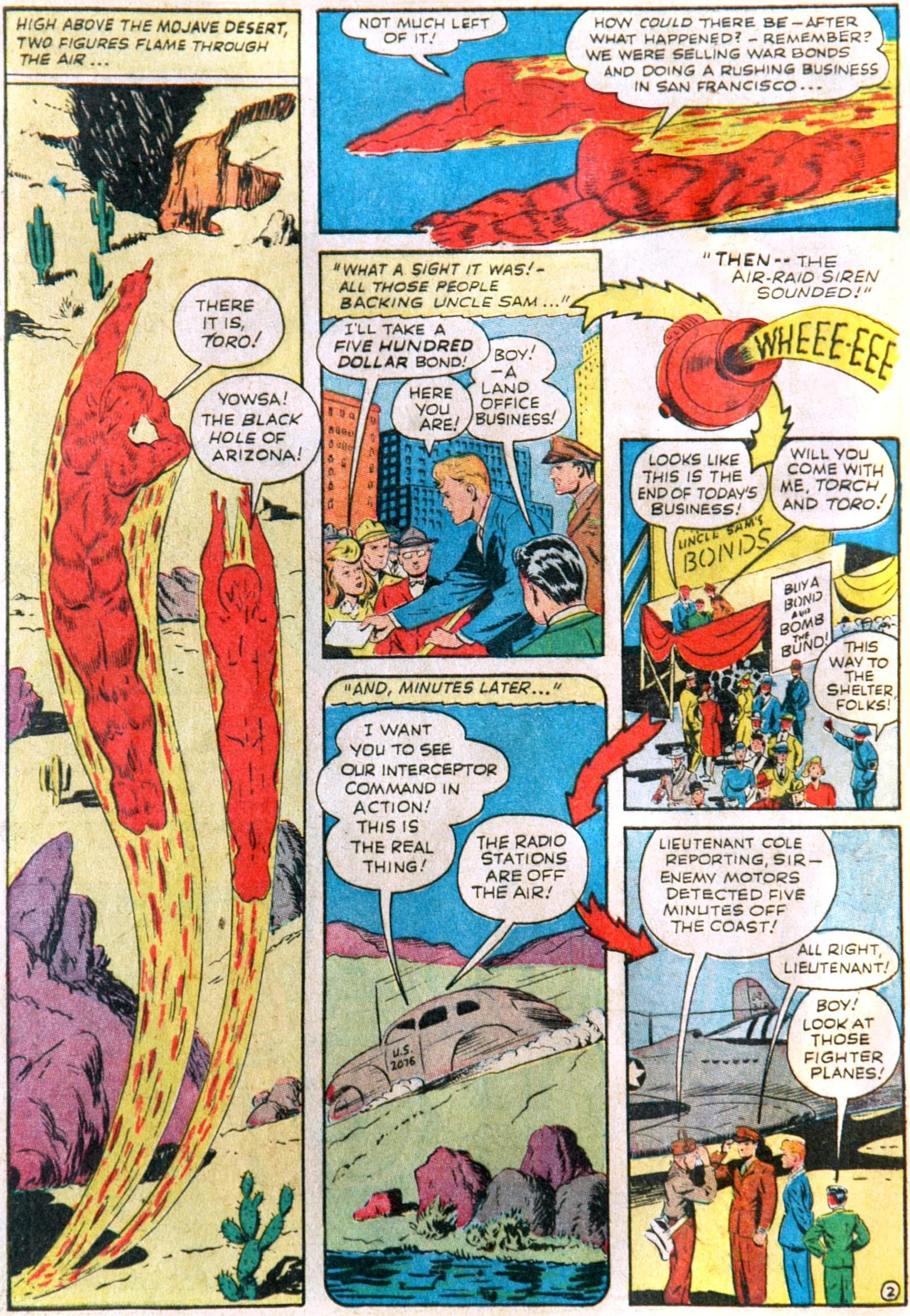
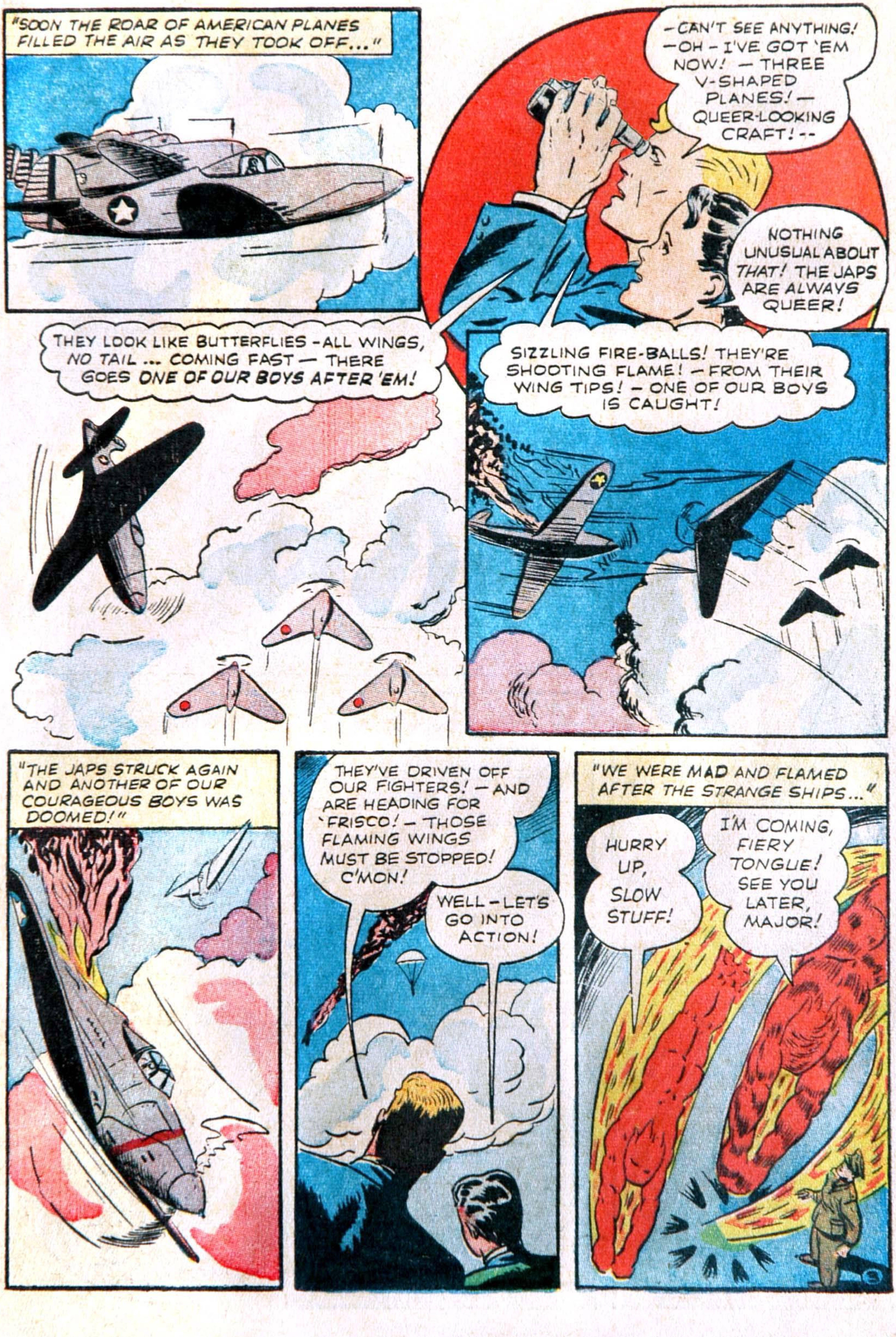
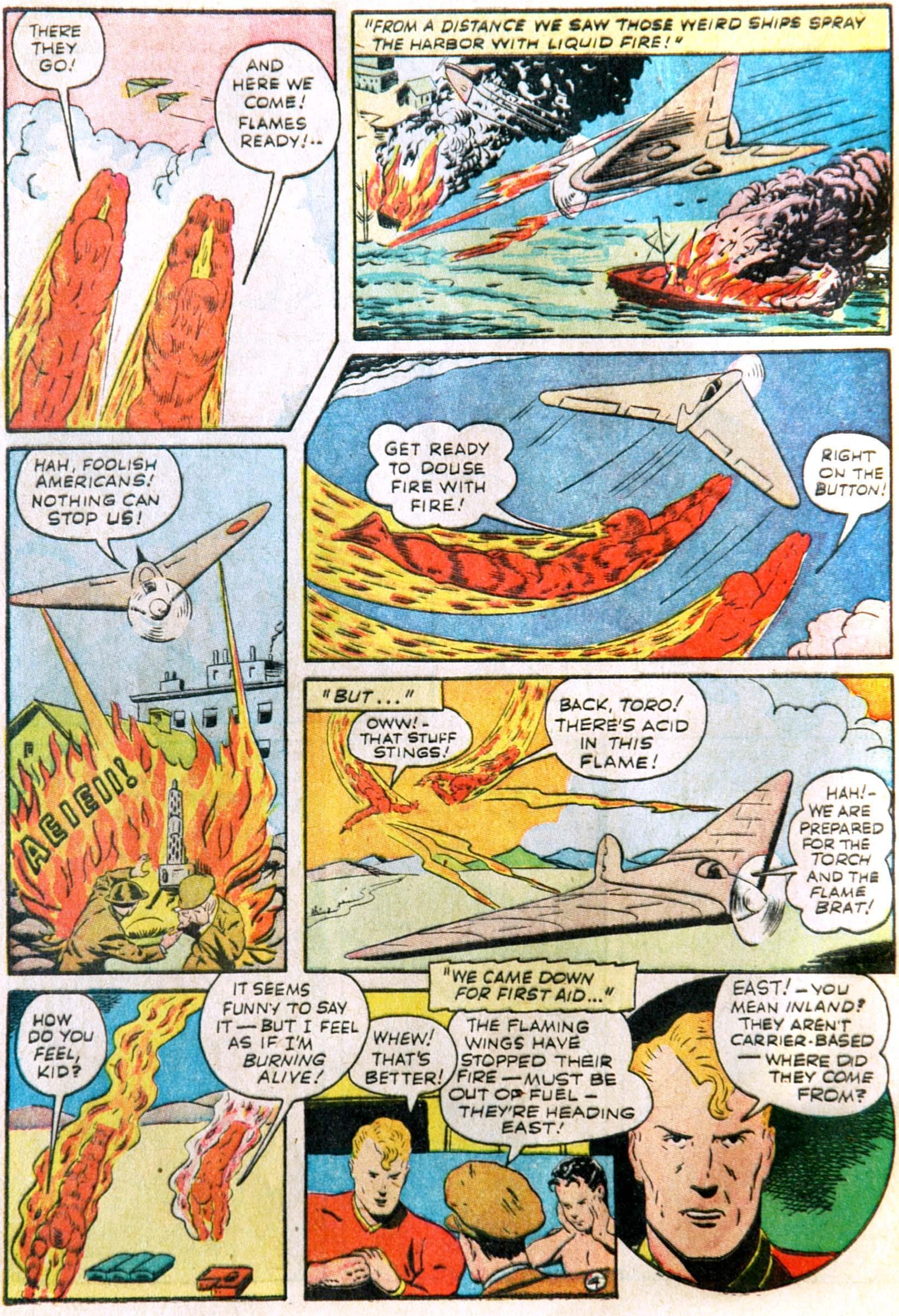
FLAMING TERROR
THE WEAPON THE JAPS DEVISED TO USE AGAINST OUR PACIFIC SHORES BURNED WITH UNCONTROLLABLE FURY, BUT FLAME AND FIRE IS THE HUMAN TORCH'S ELEMENT. READ ON....
HUMAN TORCH

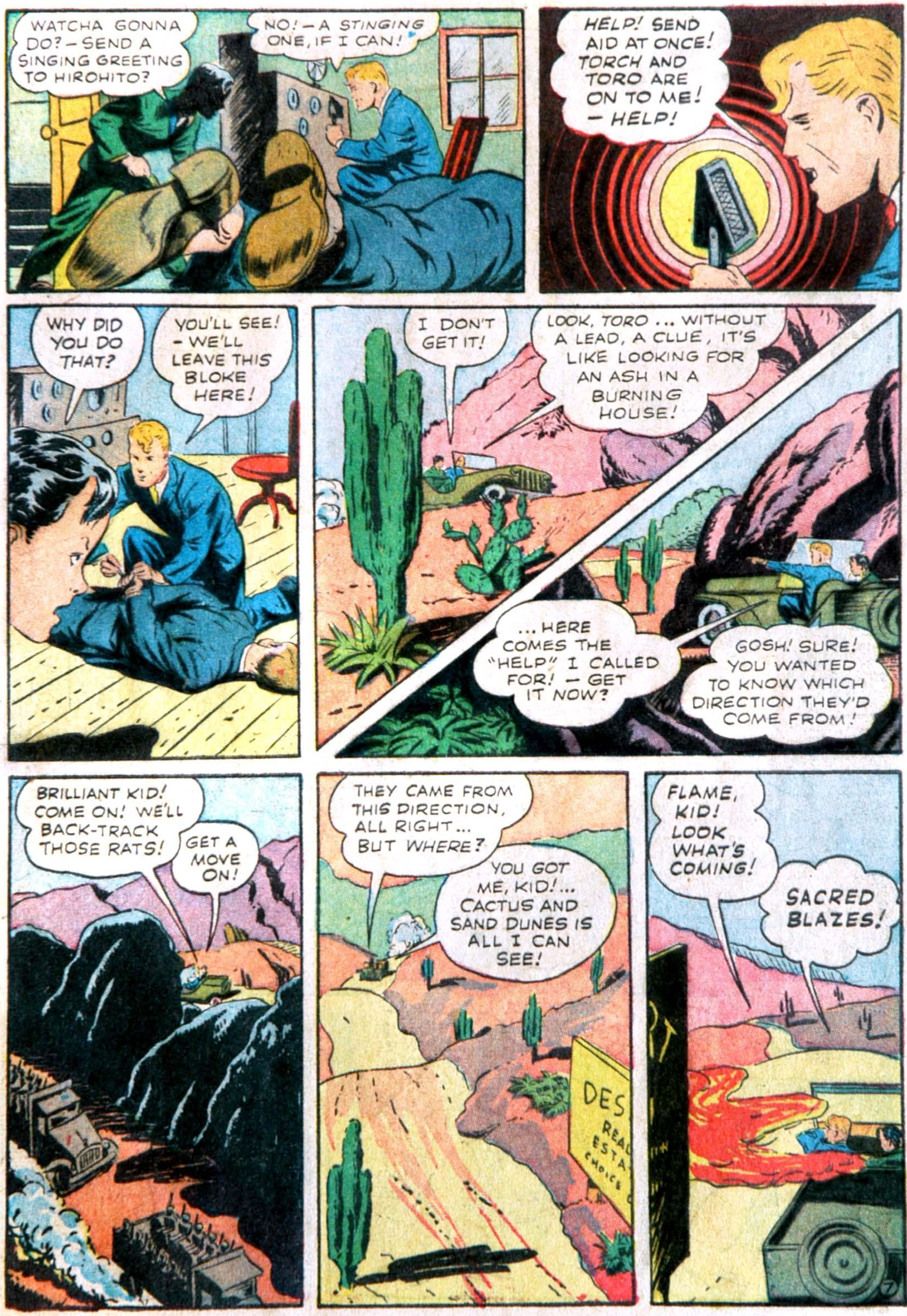

HIGH ABOVE THE MOJAVE DESERT, TWO FIGURES FLAME THROUGH THE AIR...
THERE IT IS, TORO!
YOWSA! THE BLACK HOLE OF ARIZONA!
NOT MUCH LEFT OF IT!
HOW COULD THERE BE — AFTER WHAT HAPPENED? — REMEMBER? WE WERE SELLING WAR BONDS AND DOING A RUSHING BUSINESS IN SAN FRANCISCO...
"WHAT A SIGHT IT WAS! — ALL THOSE PEOPLE BACKING UNCLE SAM..."
I'LL TAKE A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BOND!
HERE YOU ARE!
BOY! — A LAND OFFICE BUSINESS!
"THEN -- THE AIR-RAID SIREN SOUNDED!"
WHEEE-EEE
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END OF TODAY'S BUSINESS!
WILL YOU COME WITH ME, TORCH AND TORO!
UNCLE SAM'S BONDS
BUY A BOND AND BOMB THE BUND!
THIS WAY TO THE SHELTER, FOLKS!
"AND, MINUTES LATER..."
I WANT YOU TO SEE OUR INTERCEPTOR COMMAND IN ACTION! THIS IS THE REAL THING!
THE RADIO STATIONS ARE OFF THE AIR!
U.S. 2076
LIEUTENANT COLE REPORTING, SIR — ENEMY MOTORS DETECTED FIVE MINUTES OFF THE COAST!
ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT!
BOY! LOOK AT THOSE FIGHTER PLANES!


"SOON THE ROAR OF AMERICAN PLANES FILLED THE AIR AS THEY TOOK OFF..."
-CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! -OH - I'VE GOT 'EM NOW! - THREE V-SHAPED PLANES! - QUEER-LOOKING CRAFT! --
NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT! THE JAPS ARE ALWAYS QUEER!
THEY LOOK LIKE BUTTERFLIES - ALL WINGS, NO TAIL ... COMING FAST - THERE GOES ONE OF OUR BOYS AFTER 'EM!
SIZZLING FIRE-BALLS! THEY'RE SHOOTING FLAME! - FROM THEIR WING TIPS! - ONE OF OUR BOYS IS CAUGHT!
"THE JAPS STRUCK AGAIN AND ANOTHER OF OUR COURAGEOUS BOYS WAS DOOMED!"
THEY'VE DRIVEN OFF OUR FIGHTERS! - AND ARE HEADING FOR 'FRISCO! - THOSE FLAMING WINGS MUST BE STOPPED! C'MON!
WELL - LET'S GO INTO ACTION!
"WE WERE MAD AND FLAMED AFTER THE STRANGE SHIPS..."
HURRY UP, SLOW STUFF!
I'M COMING, FIERY TONGUE! SEE YOU LATER, MAJOR!


THERE THEY GO!
AND HERE WE COME! FLAMES READY!..
"FROM A DISTANCE WE SAW THOSE WEIRD SHIPS SPRAY THE HARBOR WITH LIQUID FIRE!"
GET READY TO DOUSE FIRE WITH FIRE!
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!
HAH, FOOLISH AMERICANS! NOTHING CAN STOP US!
AEIEII!
"BUT..."
OWW! - THAT STUFF STINGS!
BACK, TORO! THERE'S ACID IN THIS FLAME!
HAH! - WE ARE PREPARED FOR THE TORCH AND THE FLAME BRAT!
HOW DO YOU FEEL, KID?
IT SEEMS FUNNY TO SAY IT — BUT I FEEL AS IF I'M BURNING ALIVE!
"WE CAME DOWN FOR FIRST AID..."
WHEW! THAT'S BETTER!
THE FLAMING WINGS HAVE STOPPED THEIR FIRE — MUST BE OUT OF FUEL — THEY'RE HEADING EAST!
EAST! — YOU MEAN INLAND? THEY AREN'T CARRIER-BASED — WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

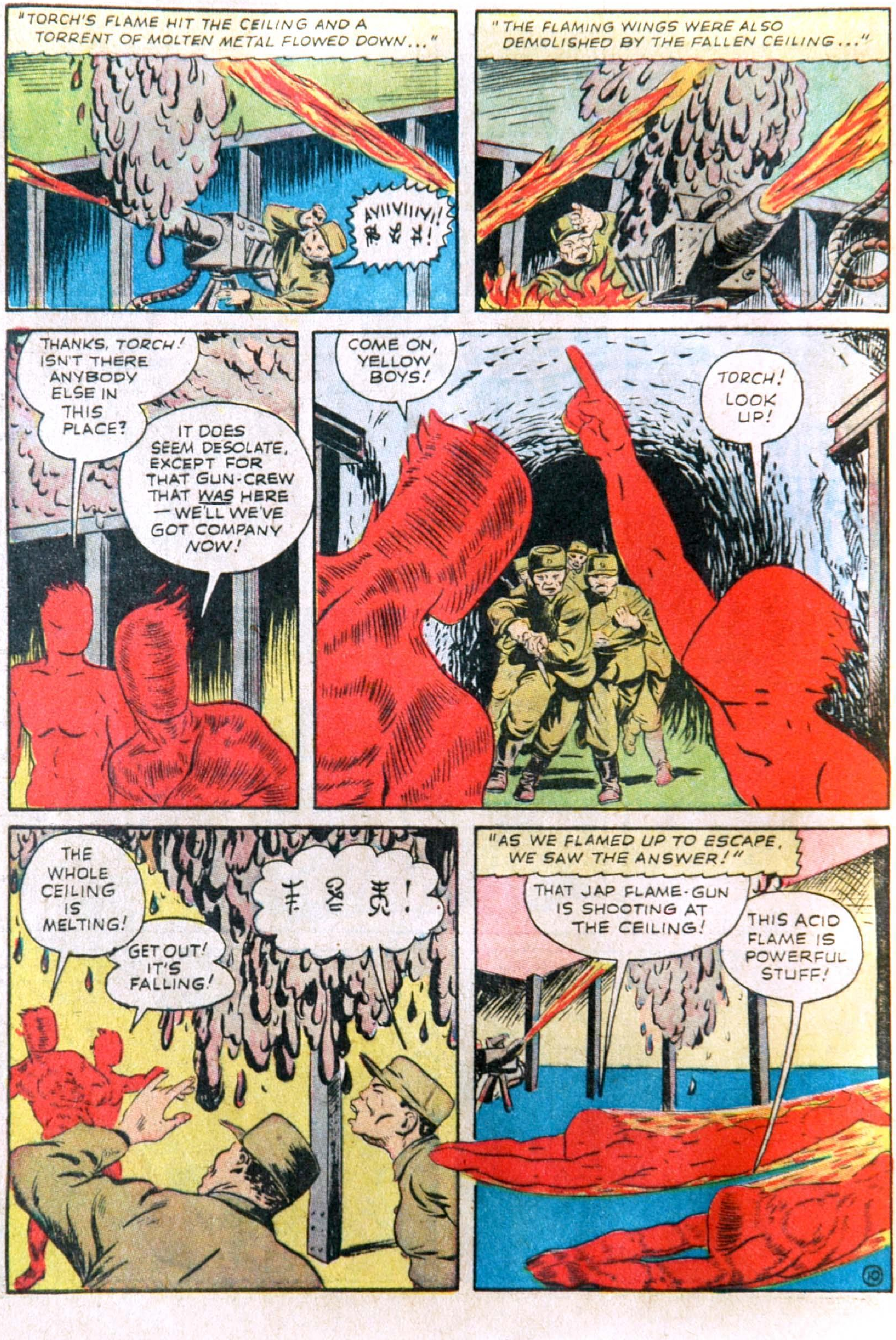
LET'S HAVE A MAP OF THE WESTERN SEABOARD!
MAYBE WE'RE GETTING WARM!
THOSE WINGS COULD BE BASED IN DEATH VALLEY! REMEMBER THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF STRANGE NOISES IN THAT REGION?
DEATH VALLEY
WHY, YES! BUT THE ARMY HAS SEARCHED THOROUGHLY!
THEY'VE SEARCHED THE GROUND — NOW I'LL SCRATCH UNDER THE SURFACE! CAN YOU GET A CAR FOR US, MAJOR?
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ARMY HELP ON THIS, TORCH?
NO — NOT YET, ANYWAY, THANKS!
I CAN'T SEE HOW THEY'D BUILD AN AIR BASE ON AMERICAN SOIL!
"SOMETIME LATER, WE WERE TEARING ALONG OVER THE DESERT ROAD!"
SO AM I — THERE SHOULD BE A WATERING PLACE SOMEWHERE ALONG THIS TRAIL!
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING — AND I'M GETTING THIRSTY!
HERE'S A PLACE TO WET OUR TONSILS!
STRANGE-LOOKING PLACE — HOPE IT'S REALLY OPEN!
THE DESERT DINER
EATS PITZ'S FOOD SHOPPE
WE FIX FLATS
"WE WENT INSIDE..."
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, MISTER?
TWO LEMONADES, PLEASE!
—AND DON'T SPARE THE ICE!
DRINK Coca-Cola
WHAT'S THAT? PSSST ... TORCH ... LOOK! A JAP NEWSPAPER! COULD THIS BE A -----?

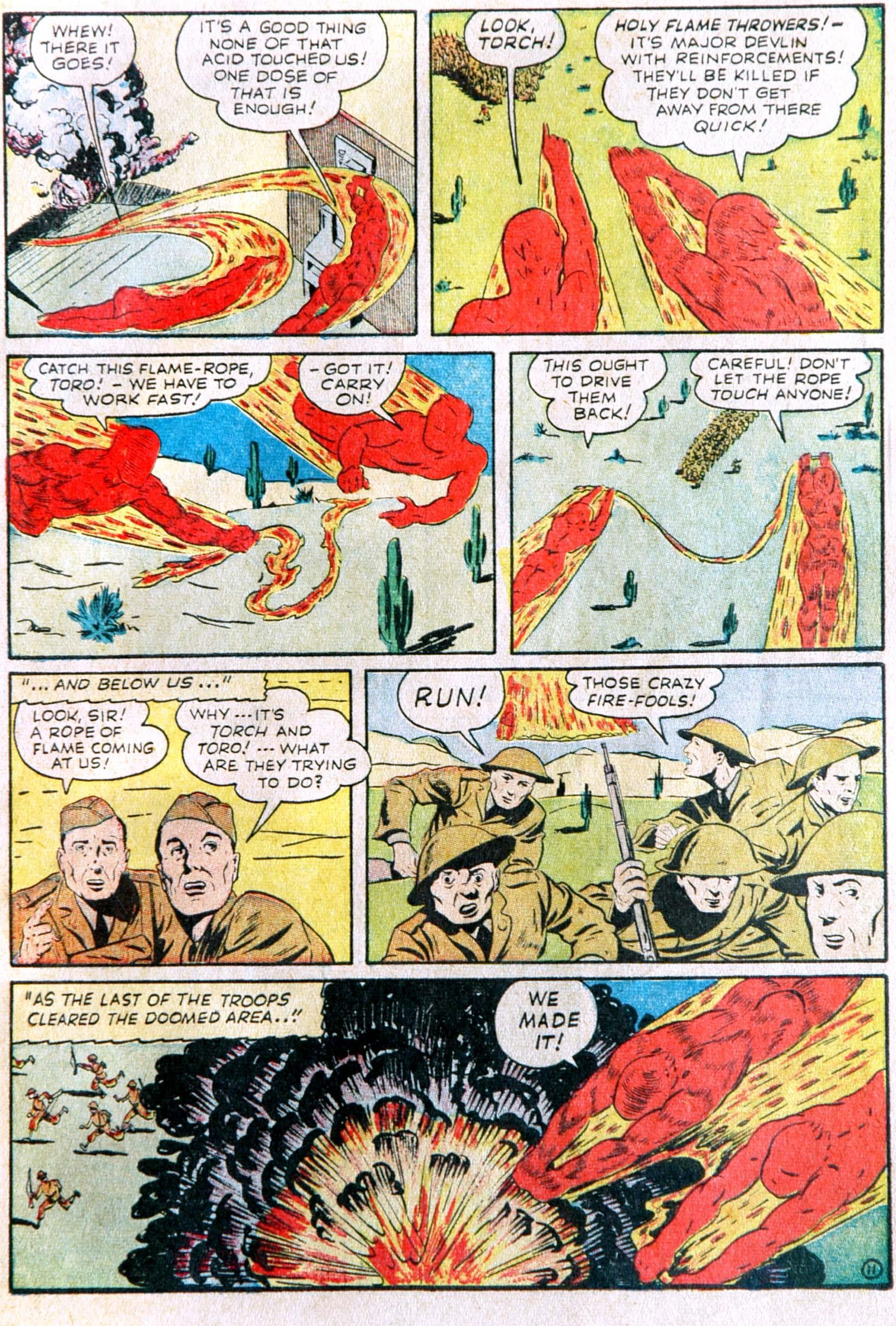
EASY, KID ... A JAP NEWSPAPER IS NO PROOF!
BUT WHY WOULD IT BE HERE?
QUIET! HE'LL HEAR YOU!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? — AREN'T WE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK?
"THE MAN MADE A DASH FOR THE BACK ROOM!..."
C'MON, TORO! HE HEARD YOU, ALL RIGHT!
I KNEW IT WAS MORE THAN A HUNCH!
YES — THEY LOOK LIKE TORCH AND TORO — BE ON THE ALERT!
HMMM -- A RADIO! HE'S WARNING SOMEONE ABOUT US!
SO SORRY TO INTRUDE!
WATCH IT, TORO! —HE'S GOT A GUN!
STAND BACK!
"I FLAMED MY HAND, AND ..."
SHAKE, "FRIEND"...
OW!
YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR GUARD UP, MY BOY!
AWEEE-EE!

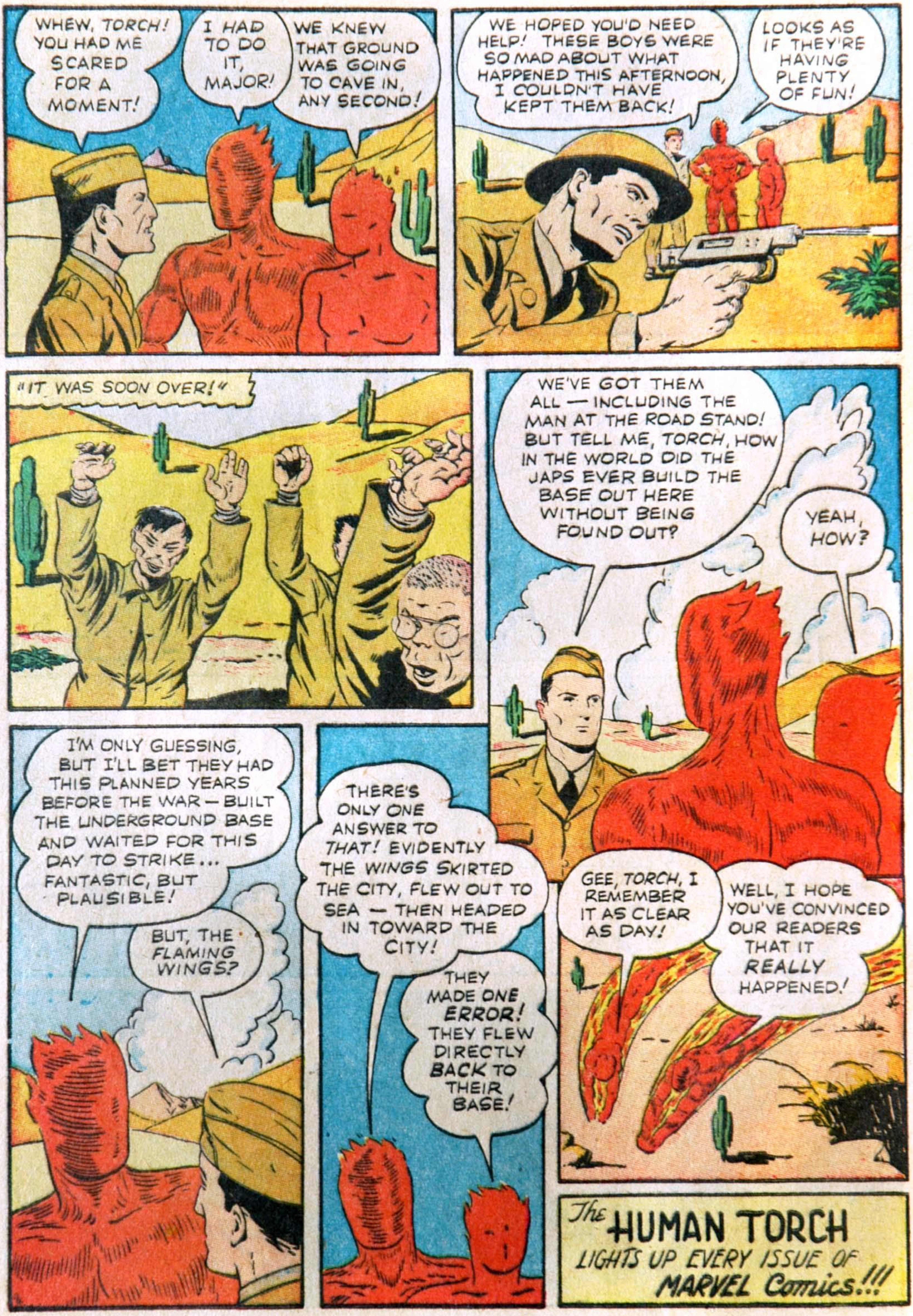

WATCHA GONNA DO? – SEND A SINGING GREETING TO HIROHITO?
NO! – A *STINGING* ONE, IF I CAN!
HELP! SEND AID AT ONCE! *TORCH* AND *TORO* ARE ON TO ME! – *HELP!*
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
YOU'LL SEE! – WE'LL LEAVE THIS BLOKE HERE!
I DON'T GET IT!
LOOK, *TORO* ... WITHOUT A LEAD, A CLUE, IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR AN ASH IN A BURNING HOUSE!
... HERE COMES THE "HELP" I CALLED FOR! – GET IT *NOW*?
GOSH! SURE! YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHICH DIRECTION THEY'D COME FROM!
BRILLIANT KID! COME ON! WE'LL BACK-TRACK THOSE RATS!
GET A MOVE ON!
THEY CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION, ALL RIGHT ... BUT *WHERE?*
YOU GOT ME, KID!... CACTUS AND SAND DUNES IS ALL I CAN SEE!
DES
REA
ESTA
CHOICE
FLAME, KID! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!
SACRED BLAZES!

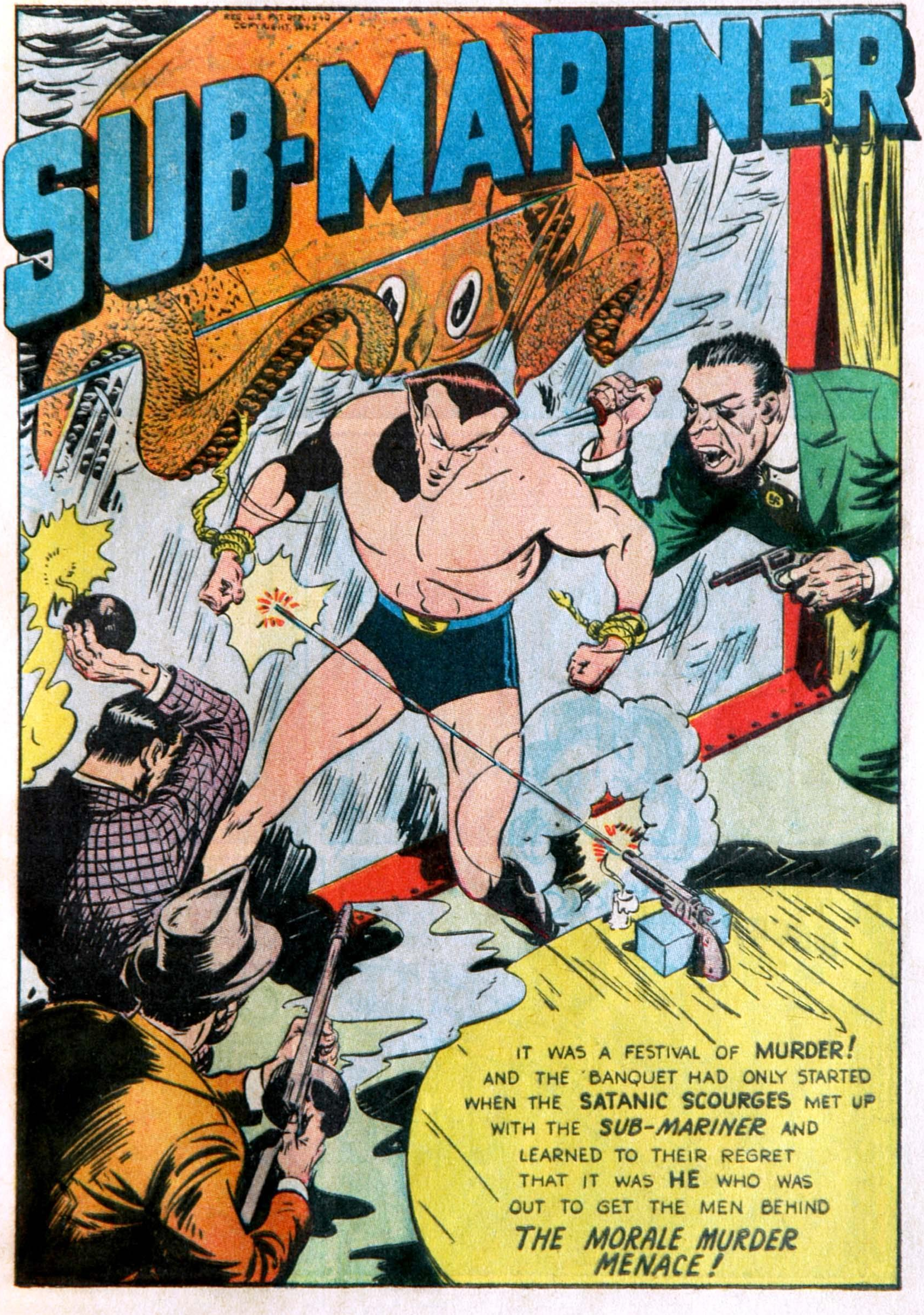
"WE FLAMED — AND JUST IN TIME!"
THERE GOES OUR CAR!
WOW! — THAT'S THE STUFF THOSE "FLAMING WINGS" USED!
DESERT REAL ESTATE
LOTS
LOOK! LOOK WHO'S MANNING THAT FLAME-GUN!
JAPS! OH, BOY! LEMME AT 'EM!
DESERT REAL
LOTS
"WE PITCHED IN AND HAD A VERY ENJOYABLE TIME ..."
HOPE YOU BOYS DON'T MIND IF I JUST DROP YOU OFF!
WANT TO SEE SOME *REAL* FIRE?
"ALL THE JAPS WERE SOON UNCONSCIOUS!"
MY, MY! ALL THE LITTLE NIPS SEEM TO BE TAKING NAPS!
I'LL PULL SOME OF THE SWITCHES!
LOOK! — THE DESERT FLOOR IS SLIDING OPEN!
"BUT, ONE OF THE JAPS HAD COME TO!"
I -- I -- MUST CLOSE SWITCH!

WHOOO-OOO-OOO
AN ALARM... THAT PANEL IS STARTING TO CLOSE ON US!
WE'LL FIX THAT!
THAT'S IT, KID! SEAL THIS RUNWAY OPEN!
WE'VE *DONE* IT! IT'S NOT MOVING ANY MORE!
"WE ZOOMED THROUGH THE OPENING TO SEE..."
WELL ... *LOOKIE!*
THE FLAMING WINGS! ... DESTROY THEM, TORCH!
WHEE! ... *TIMBER!*
SAVE THE ENERGY, KID, TO SET THE *RISING SUNS* COMING AFTER US!
THAT ENDS MENACE NUMBER ONE ----- SAY, TORO!
TORCH! THEY'VE GOT ME TRAPPED HERE!
UH -- *OH!* --- IF HE GETS CAUGHT IN THAT ACID FLAME, IT'S GOODBYE!
THESE TWO PRONGS OF FLAME HAD BETTER DO THE TRICK!


"TORCH'S FLAME HIT THE CEILING AND A TORRENT OF MOLTEN METAL FLOWED DOWN..."
AYIIVIIIY!
"THE FLAMING WINGS WERE ALSO DEMOLISHED BY THE FALLEN CEILING..."
THANKS, TORCH! ISN'T THERE ANYBODY ELSE IN THIS PLACE?
IT DOES SEEM DESOLATE, EXCEPT FOR THAT GUN-CREW THAT WAS HERE —WE'LL WE'VE GOT COMPANY NOW!
COME ON, YELLOW BOYS!
TORCH! LOOK UP!
THE WHOLE CEILING IS MELTING!
GET OUT! IT'S FALLING!
"AS WE FLAMED UP TO ESCAPE, WE SAW THE ANSWER!"
THAT JAP FLAME-GUN IS SHOOTING AT THE CEILING!
THIS ACID FLAME IS POWERFUL STUFF!


WHEW! THERE IT GOES!
IT'S A GOOD THING NONE OF THAT ACID TOUCHED US! ONE DOSE OF THAT IS ENOUGH!
LOOK, TORCH!
HOLY FLAME THROWERS! – IT'S MAJOR DEVLIN WITH REINFORCEMENTS! THEY'LL BE KILLED IF THEY DON'T GET AWAY FROM THERE QUICK!
CATCH THIS FLAME-ROPE, TORO! – WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!
– GOT IT! CARRY ON!
THIS OUGHT TO DRIVE THEM BACK!
CAREFUL! DON'T LET THE ROPE TOUCH ANYONE!
"... AND BELOW US ..."
LOOK, SIR! A ROPE OF FLAME COMING AT US!
WHY --- IT'S TORCH AND TORO! --- WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO DO?
RUN!
THOSE CRAZY FIRE-FOOLS!
"AS THE LAST OF THE TROOPS CLEARED THE DOOMED AREA..!"
WE MADE IT!


WHEW, TORCH! YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR A MOMENT!
I HAD TO DO IT, MAJOR!
WE KNEW THAT GROUND WAS GOING TO CAVE IN, ANY SECOND!
WE HOPED YOU'D NEED HELP! THESE BOYS WERE SO MAD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON, I COULDN'T HAVE KEPT THEM BACK!
LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE HAVING PLENTY OF FUN!
"IT WAS SOON OVER!"
WE'VE GOT THEM ALL — INCLUDING THE MAN AT THE ROAD STAND! BUT TELL ME, TORCH, HOW IN THE WORLD DID THE JAPS EVER BUILD THE BASE OUT HERE WITHOUT BEING FOUND OUT?
YEAH, HOW?
I'M ONLY GUESSING, BUT I'LL BET THEY HAD THIS PLANNED YEARS BEFORE THE WAR — BUILT THE UNDERGROUND BASE AND WAITED FOR THIS DAY TO STRIKE... FANTASTIC, BUT PLAUSIBLE!
BUT, THE FLAMING WINGS?
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THAT! EVIDENTLY THE WINGS SKIRTED THE CITY, FLEW OUT TO SEA — THEN HEADED IN TOWARD THE CITY!
THEY MADE ONE ERROR! THEY FLEW DIRECTLY BACK TO THEIR BASE!
GEE, TORCH, I REMEMBER IT AS CLEAR AS DAY!
WELL, I HOPE YOU'VE CONVINCED OUR READERS THAT IT REALLY HAPPENED!
The HUMAN TORCH LIGHTS UP EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL Comics!!!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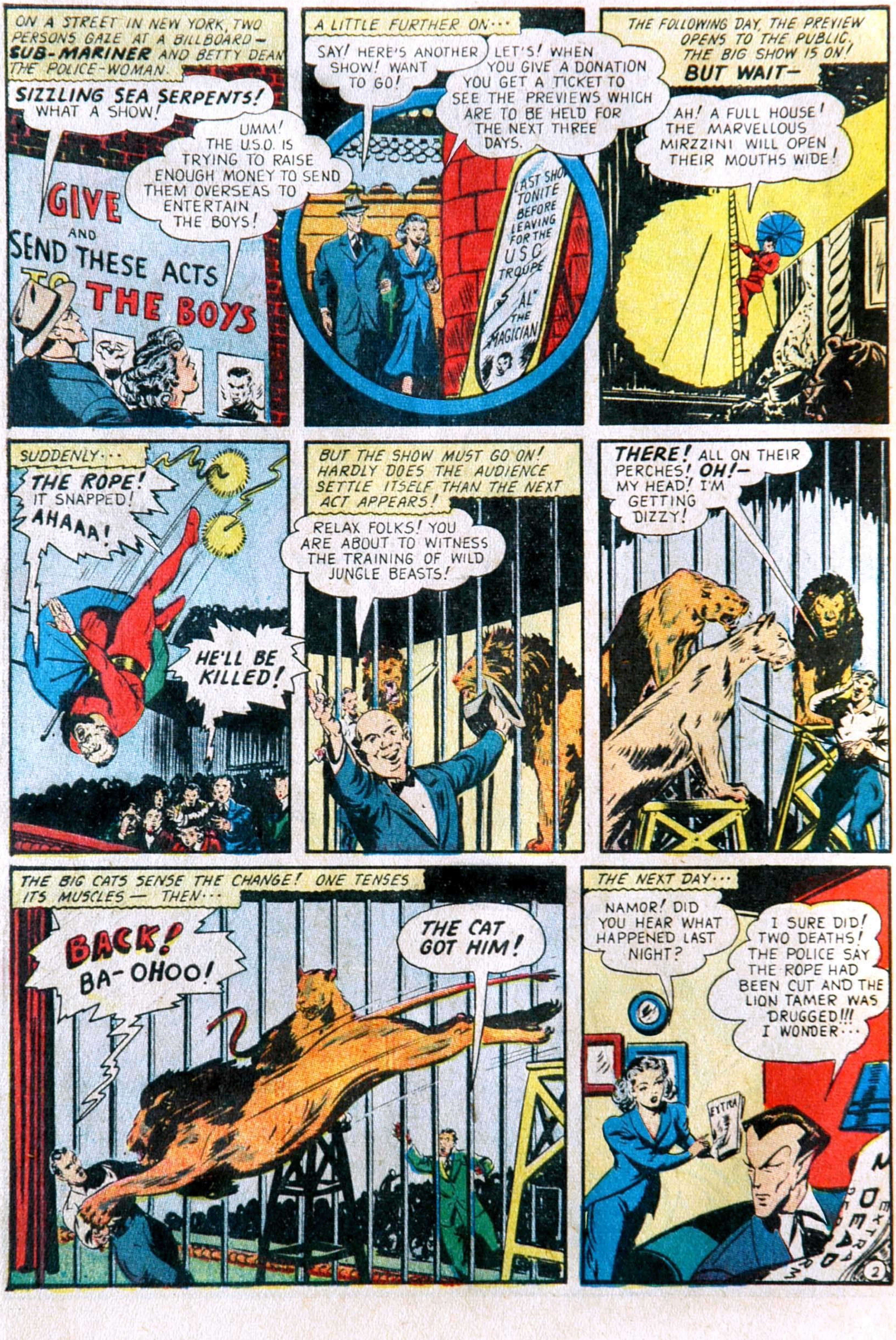
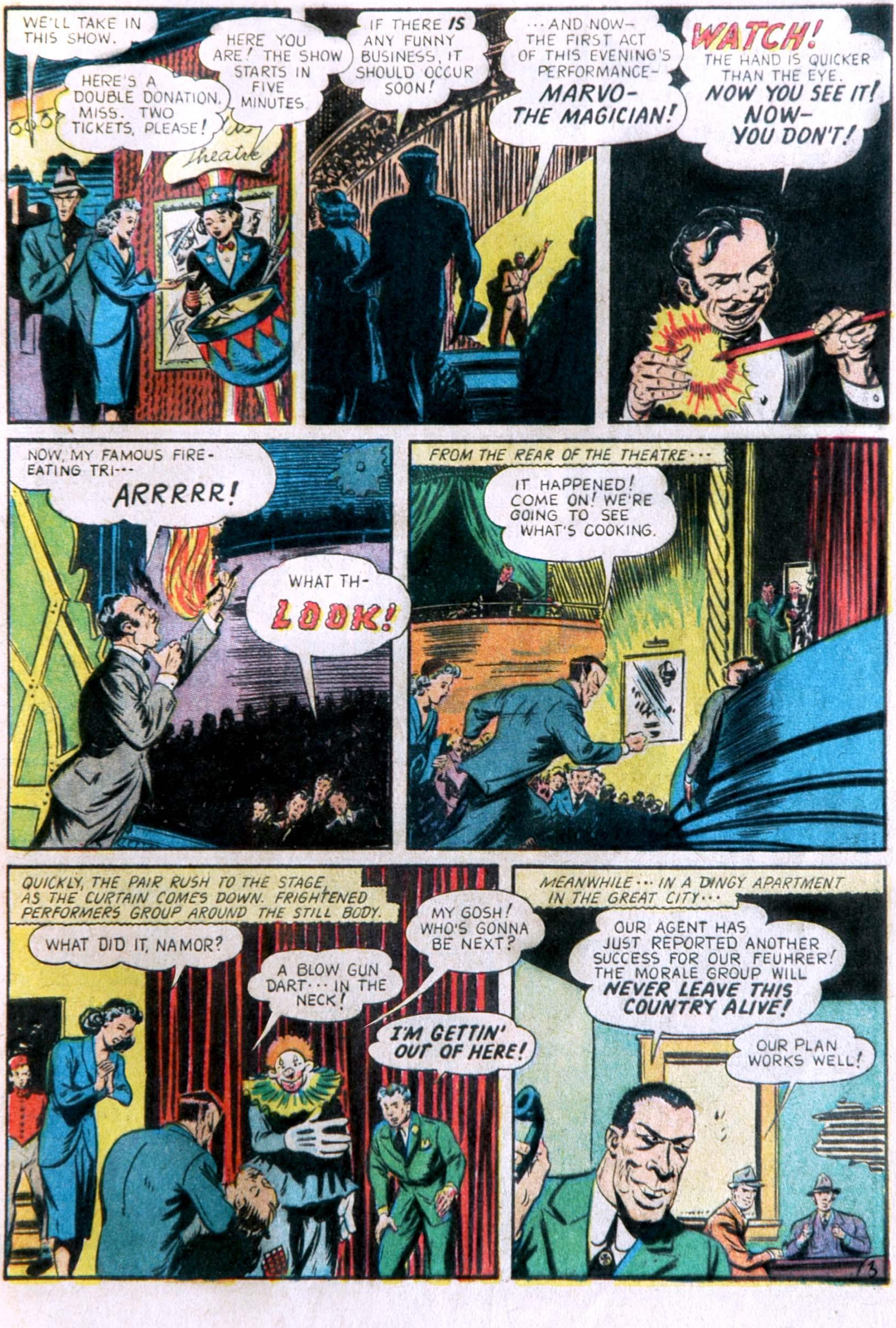
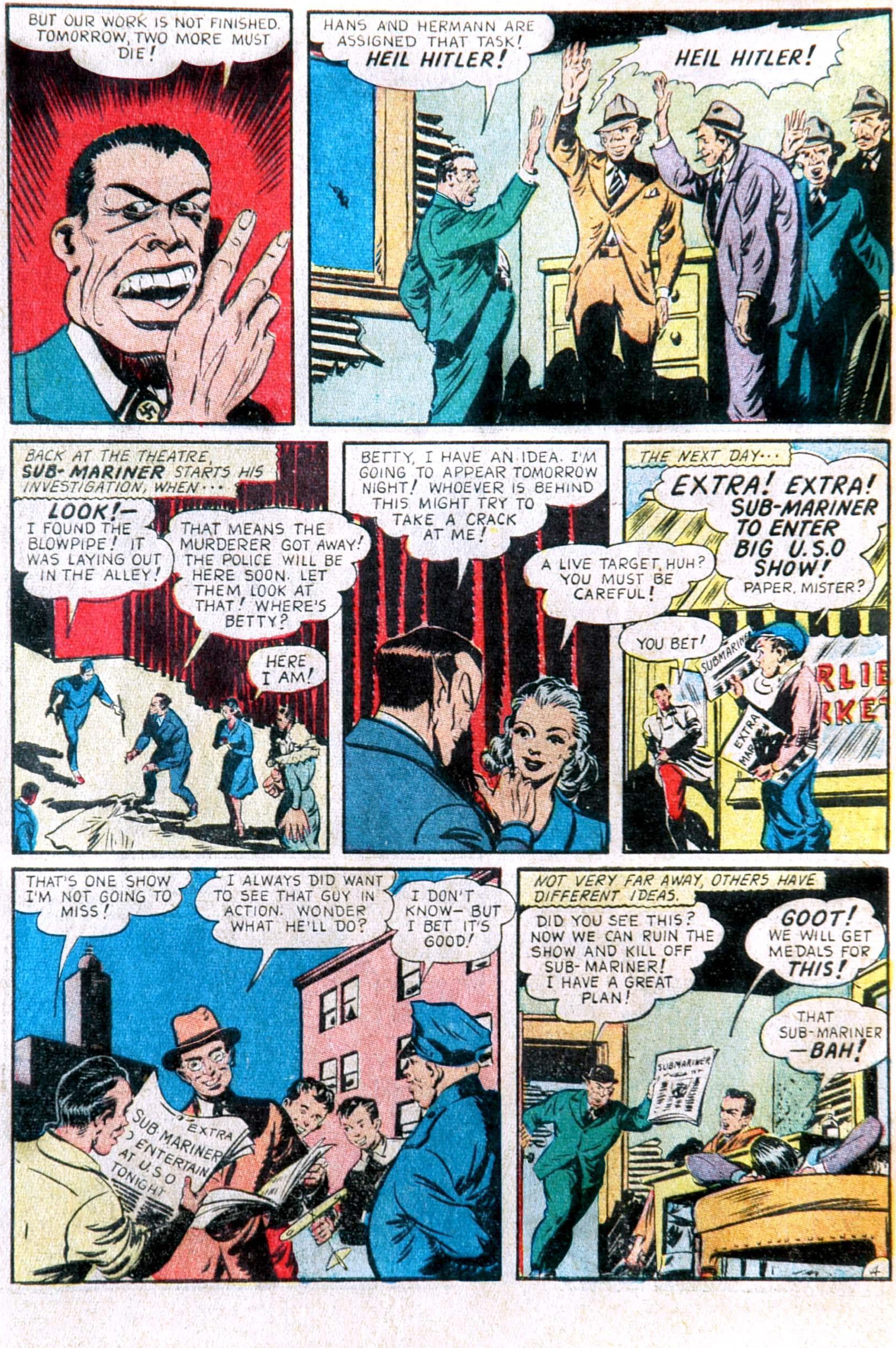
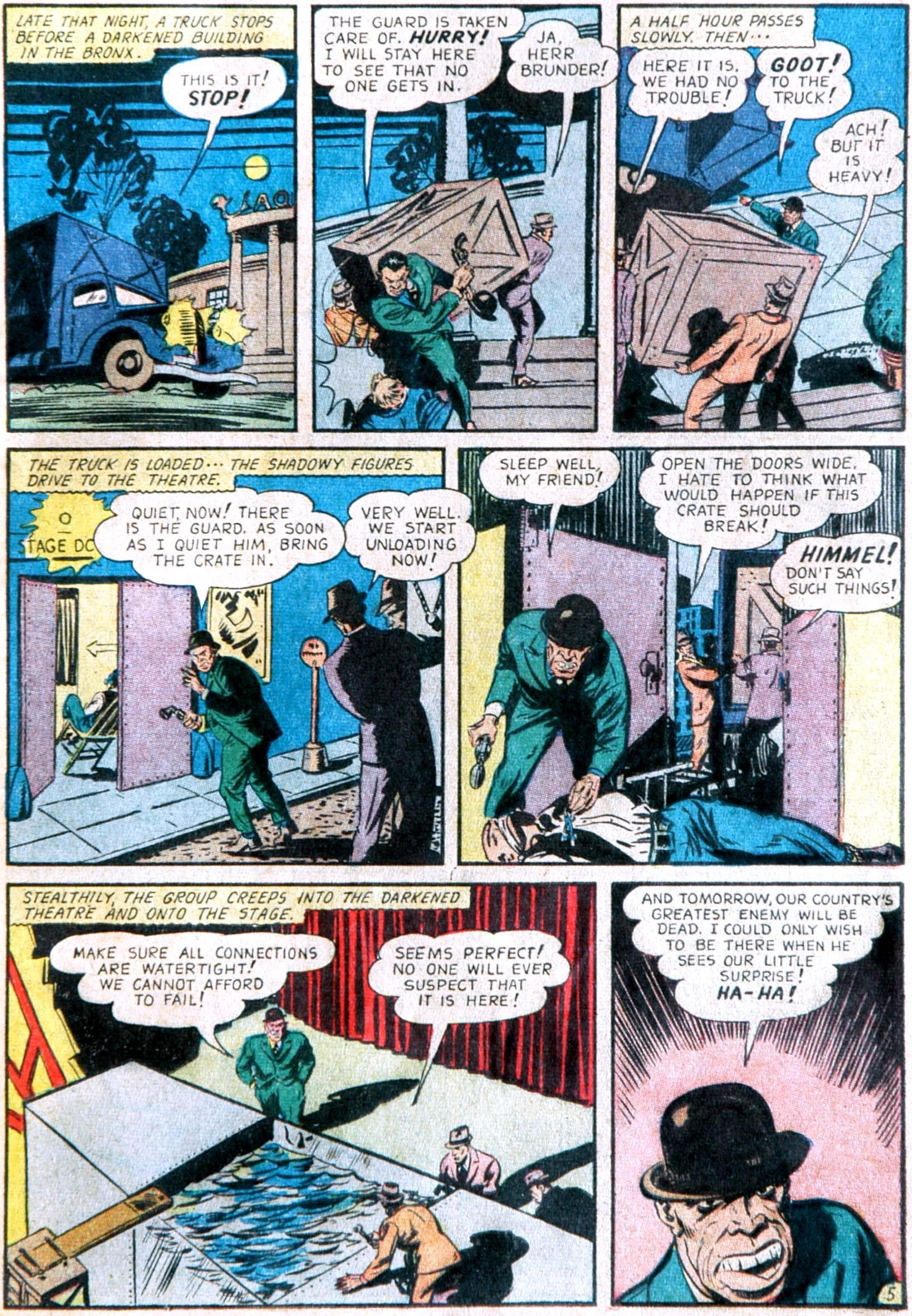
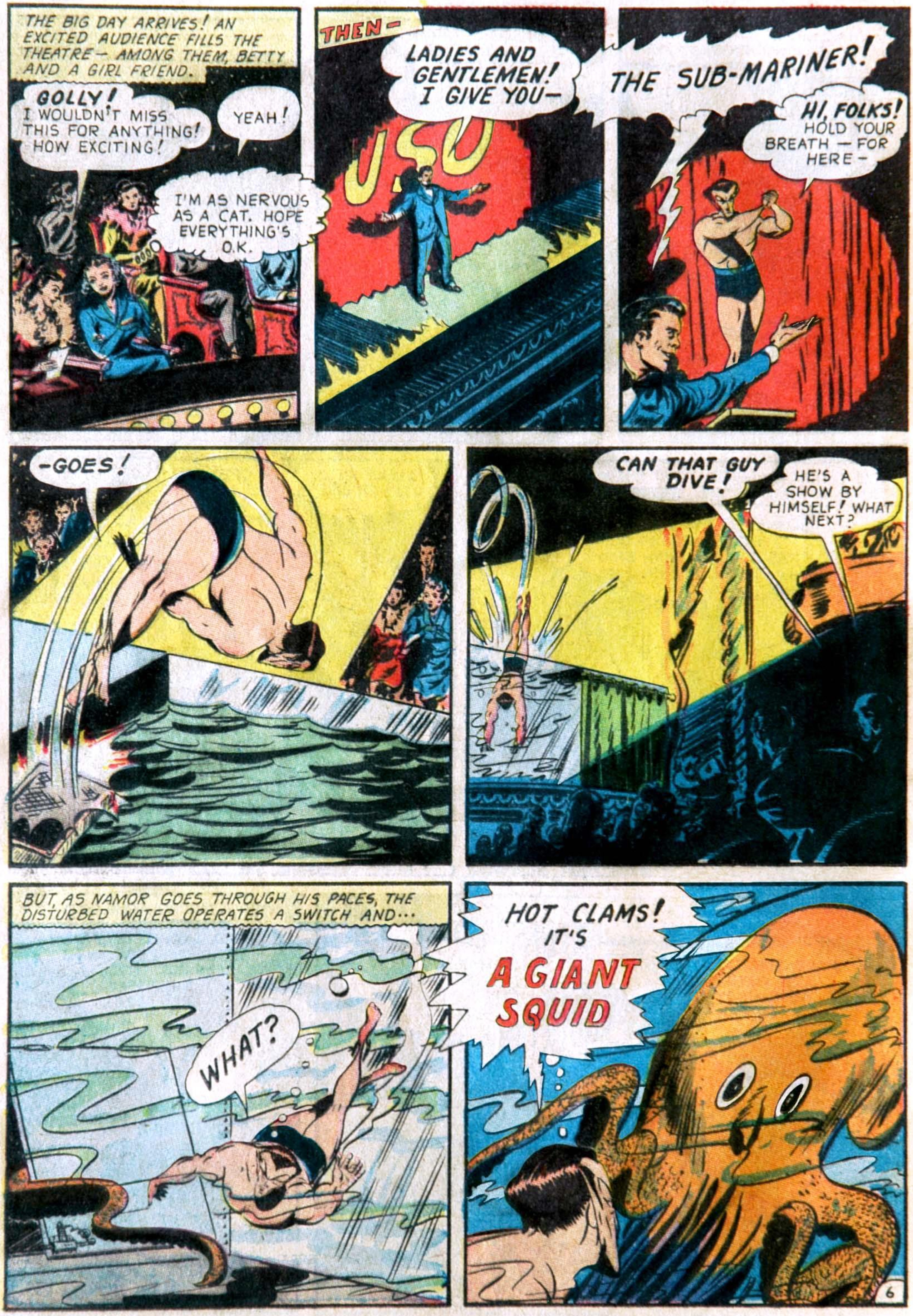
SUB-MARINER
IT WAS A FESTIVAL OF MURDER! AND THE BANQUET HAD ONLY STARTED WHEN THE SATANIC SCOURGES MET UP WITH THE SUB-MARINER AND LEARNED TO THEIR REGRET THAT IT WAS HE WHO WAS OUT TO GET THE MEN BEHIND THE MORALE MURDER MENACE!

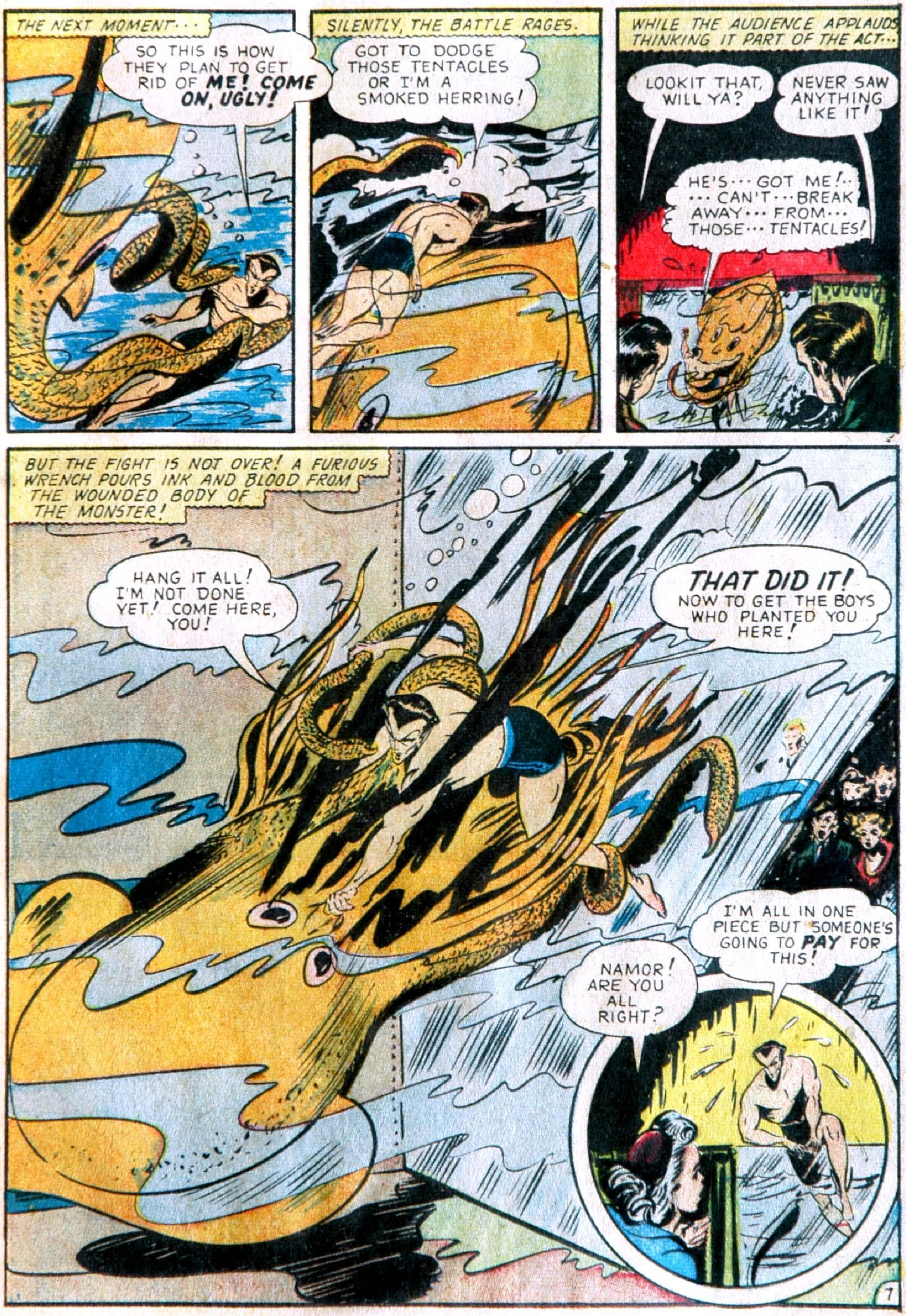

ON A STREET IN NEW YORK, TWO PERSONS GAZE AT A BILLBOARD— **SUB-MARINER** AND BETTY DEAN THE POLICE-WOMAN.
SIZZLING SEA SERPENTS! WHAT A SHOW!
UMM! THE U.S.O. IS TRYING TO RAISE ENOUGH MONEY TO SEND THEM OVERSEAS TO ENTERTAIN THE BOYS!
GIVE AND SEND THESE ACTS TO THE BOYS
A LITTLE FURTHER ON···
SAY! HERE'S ANOTHER SHOW! WANT TO GO!
LET'S! WHEN YOU GIVE A DONATION YOU GET A TICKET TO SEE THE PREVIEWS WHICH ARE TO BE HELD FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS.
LAST SHOW TONITE BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE USO TROUPE "AL" THE MAGICIAN
THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE PREVIEW OPENS TO THE PUBLIC, THE BIG SHOW IS ON! **BUT WAIT—**
AH! A FULL HOUSE! THE MARVELLOUS MIRZZINI WILL OPEN THEIR MOUTHS WIDE!
SUDDENLY···
THE ROPE! IT SNAPPED! AHAAA!
HE'LL BE KILLED!
BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON! HARDLY DOES THE AUDIENCE SETTLE ITSELF THAN THE NEXT ACT APPEARS!
RELAX FOLKS! YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE TRAINING OF WILD JUNGLE BEASTS!
THERE! ALL ON THEIR PERCHES! OH!— MY HEAD! I'M GETTING DIZZY!
THE BIG CATS SENSE THE CHANGE! ONE TENSES ITS MUSCLES — THEN···
BACK! BA-OHOO!
THE CAT GOT HIM!
THE NEXT DAY···
NAMOR! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
I SURE DID! TWO DEATHS! THE POLICE SAY THE ROPE HAD BEEN CUT AND THE LION TAMER WAS DRUGGED!!! I WONDER···
EXTRA
EXTRA DEAD
2

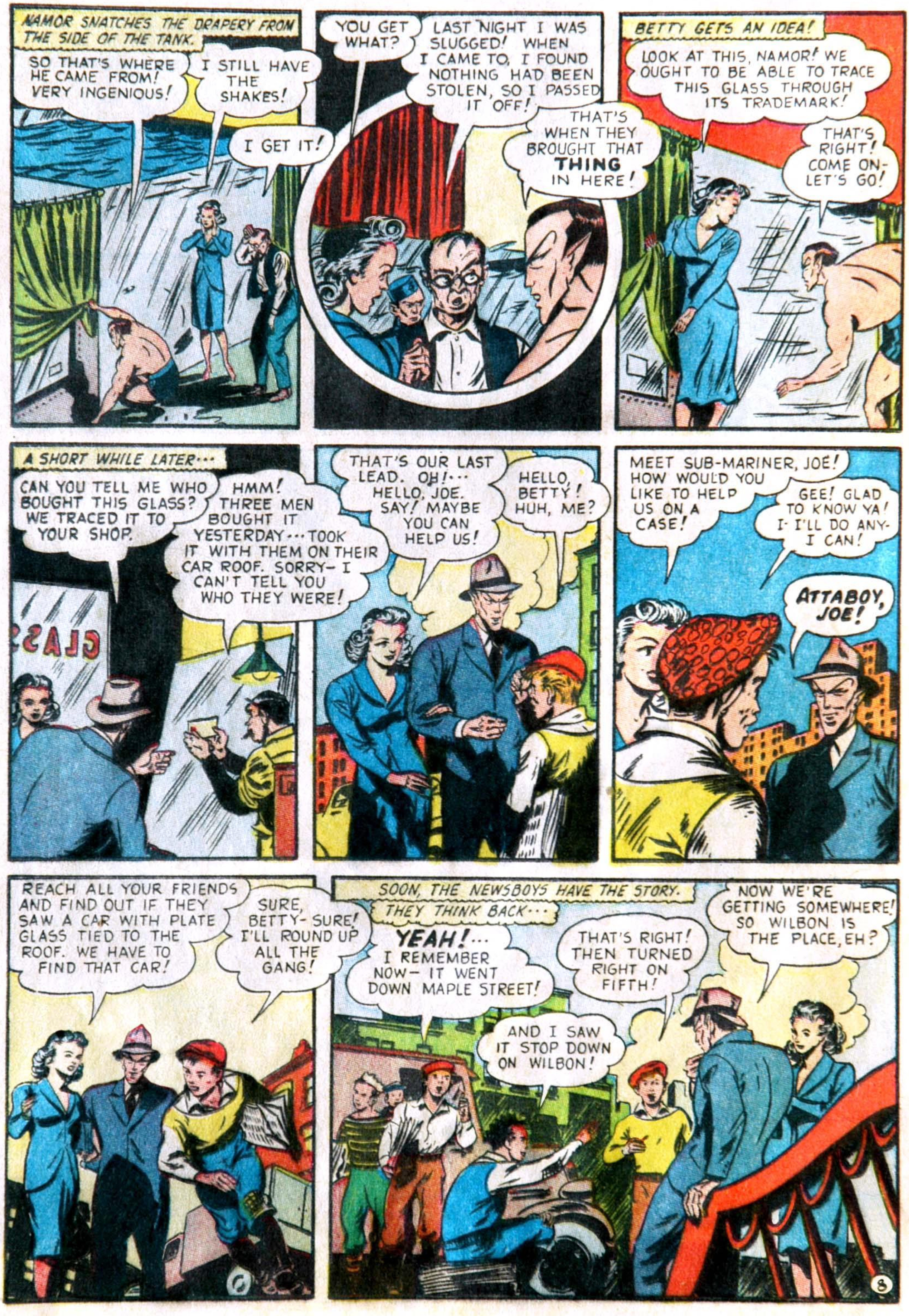

WE'LL TAKE IN THIS SHOW.
HERE'S A DOUBLE DONATION, MISS. TWO TICKETS, PLEASE!
HERE YOU ARE! THE SHOW STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES.
Theatre
IF THERE **IS** ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, IT SHOULD OCCUR SOON!
...AND NOW— THE FIRST ACT OF THIS EVENING'S PERFORMANCE— **MARVO— THE MAGICIAN!**
WATCH! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE. **NOW YOU SEE IT! NOW— YOU DON'T!**
NOW, MY FAMOUS FIRE-EATING TRI--- **ARRRRR!**
WHAT TH- **LOOK!**
FROM THE REAR OF THE THEATRE...
IT HAPPENED! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT'S COOKING.
QUICKLY, THE PAIR RUSH TO THE STAGE, AS THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN. FRIGHTENED PERFORMERS GROUP AROUND THE STILL BODY.
WHAT DID IT, NAMOR?
A BLOW GUN DART... IN THE NECK!
MY GOSH! WHO'S GONNA BE NEXT?
I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
MEANWHILE... IN A DINGY APARTMENT IN THE GREAT CITY...
OUR AGENT HAS JUST REPORTED ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR OUR FEUHRER! THE MORALE GROUP WILL **NEVER LEAVE THIS COUNTRY ALIVE!**
OUR PLAN WORKS WELL!
3

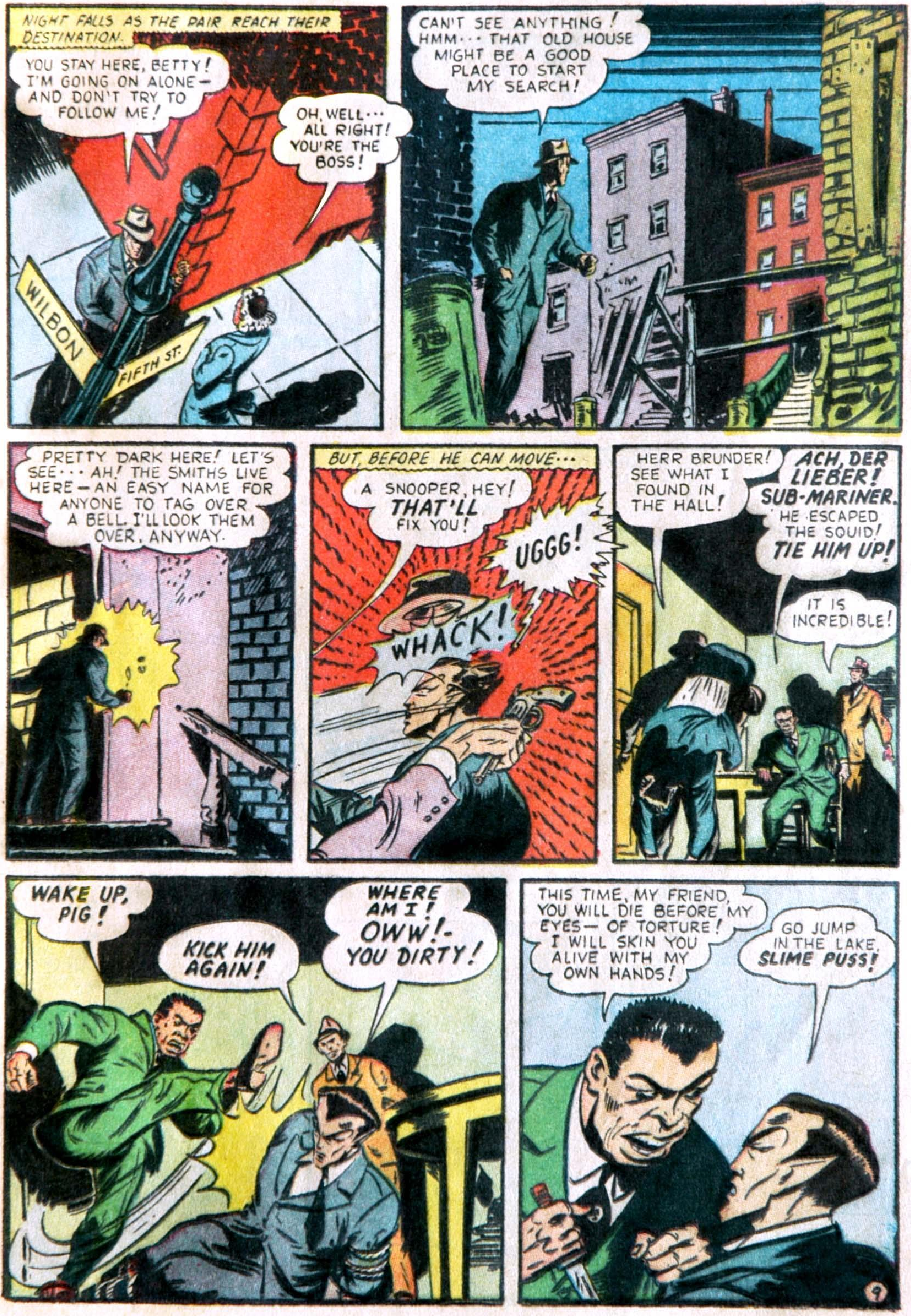

BUT OUR WORK IS NOT FINISHED. TOMORROW, TWO MORE MUST DIE!
HANS AND HERMANN ARE ASSIGNED THAT TASK! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
BACK AT THE THEATRE, SUB-MARINER STARTS HIS INVESTIGATION, WHEN...
LOOK!— I FOUND THE BLOWPIPE! IT WAS LAYING OUT IN THE ALLEY!
THAT MEANS THE MURDERER GOT AWAY! THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON. LET THEM LOOK AT THAT! WHERE'S BETTY?
HERE I AM!
BETTY, I HAVE AN IDEA. I'M GOING TO APPEAR TOMORROW NIGHT! WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS MIGHT TRY TO TAKE A CRACK AT ME!
A LIVE TARGET, HUH? YOU MUST BE CAREFUL!
THE NEXT DAY...
EXTRA! EXTRA! SUB-MARINER TO ENTER BIG U.S.O SHOW! PAPER, MISTER?
YOU BET!
SUBMARINE
EXTRA
RLIE
RKET
THAT'S ONE SHOW I'M NOT GOING TO MISS!
I ALWAYS DID WANT TO SEE THAT GUY IN ACTION. WONDER WHAT HE'LL DO?
I DON'T KNOW— BUT I BET IT'S GOOD!
EXTRA
SUB-MARINER TO ENTERTAIN AT U.S.O TONIGHT
NOT VERY FAR AWAY, OTHERS HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS.
DID YOU SEE THIS? NOW WE CAN RUIN THE SHOW AND KILL OFF SUB-MARINER! I HAVE A GREAT PLAN!
SUBMARINER
GOOT! WE WILL GET MEDALS FOR THIS!
THAT SUB-MARINER —BAH!

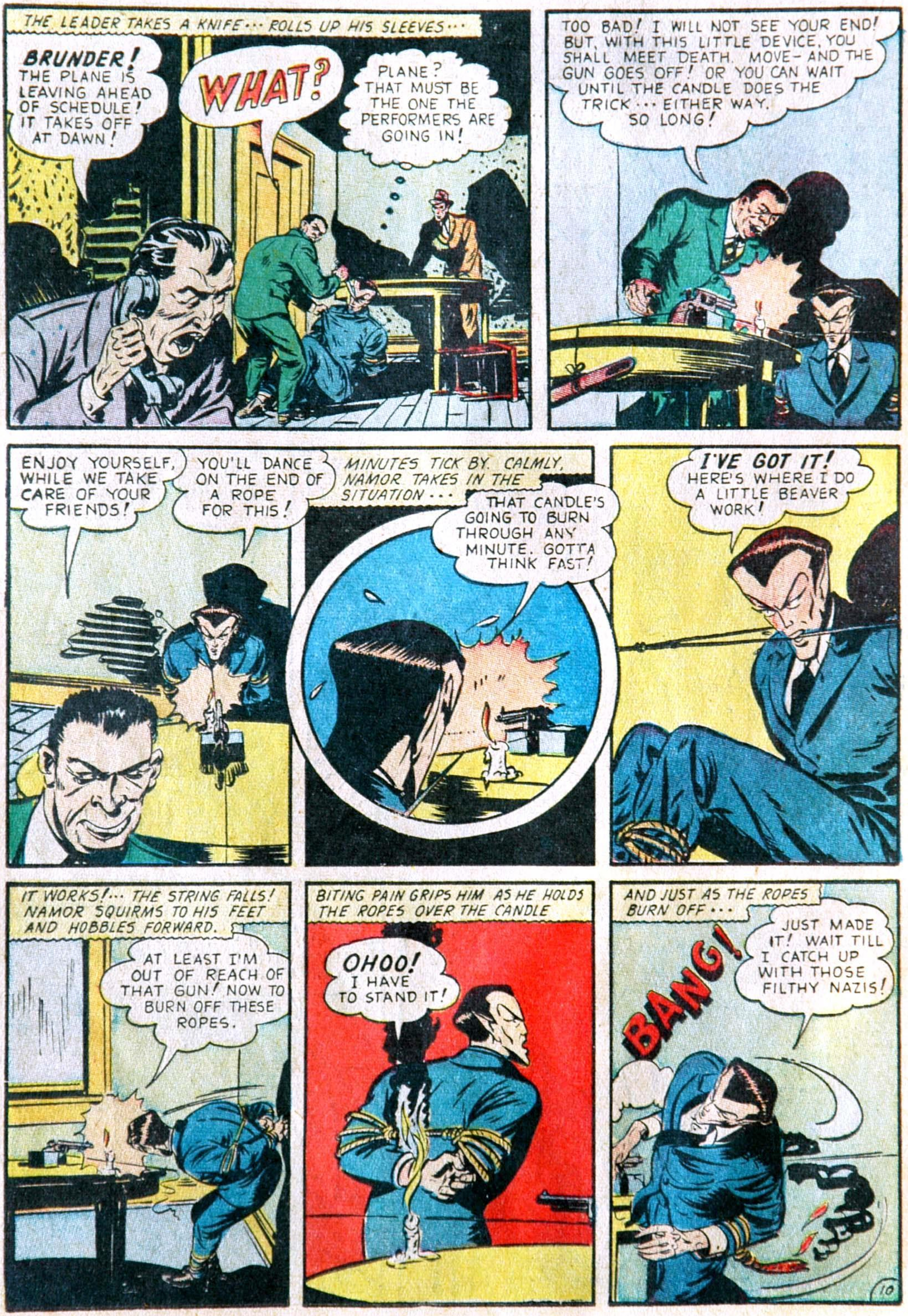

LATE THAT NIGHT, A TRUCK STOPS BEFORE A DARKENED BUILDING IN THE BRONX.
THIS IS IT! **STOP!**
AQ
THE GUARD IS TAKEN CARE OF. **HURRY!** I WILL STAY HERE TO SEE THAT NO ONE GETS IN.
JA, HERR BRUNDER!
A HALF HOUR PASSES SLOWLY. THEN···
HERE IT IS. WE HAD NO TROUBLE!
GOOT! TO THE TRUCK!
ACH! BUT IT IS HEAVY!
THE TRUCK IS LOADED··· THE SHADOWY FIGURES DRIVE TO THE THEATRE.
STAGE DO
QUIET, NOW! THERE IS THE GUARD. AS SOON AS I QUIET HIM, BRING THE CRATE IN.
VERY WELL. WE START UNLOADING NOW!
SLEEP WELL, MY FRIEND!
OPEN THE DOORS WIDE. I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THIS CRATE SHOULD BREAK!
HIMMEL! DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS!
STEALTHILY, THE GROUP CREEPS INTO THE DARKENED THEATRE AND ONTO THE STAGE.
MAKE SURE ALL CONNECTIONS ARE WATERTIGHT! WE CANNOT AFFORD TO FAIL!
SEEMS PERFECT! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT IT IS HERE!
AND TOMORROW, OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST ENEMY WILL BE DEAD. I COULD ONLY WISH TO BE THERE WHEN HE SEES OUR LITTLE SURPRISE! **HA-HA!**

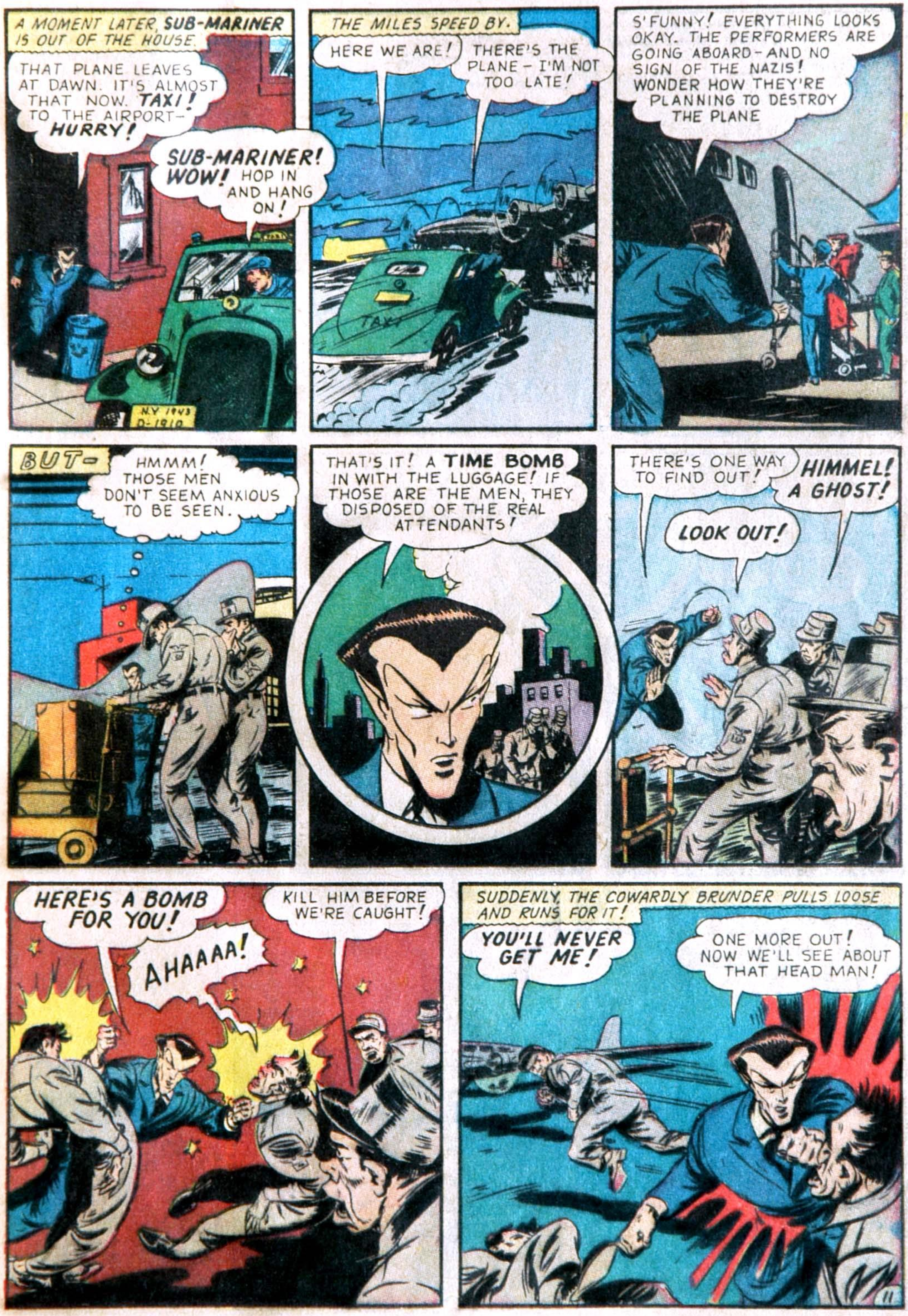

THE BIG DAY ARRIVES! AN EXCITED AUDIENCE FILLS THE THEATRE— AMONG THEM, BETTY AND A GIRL FRIEND.
GOLLY! I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING! HOW EXCITING!
YEAH!
I'M AS NERVOUS AS A CAT. HOPE EVERYTHING'S O.K.
THEN—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I GIVE YOU—
USO
THE SUB-MARINER!
HI, FOLKS! HOLD YOUR BREATH — FOR HERE—
—GOES!
CAN THAT GUY DIVE!
HE'S A SHOW BY HIMSELF! WHAT NEXT?
BUT, AS NAMOR GOES THROUGH HIS PACES, THE DISTURBED WATER OPERATES A SWITCH AND...
WHAT?
HOT CLAMS! IT'S A GIANT SQUID

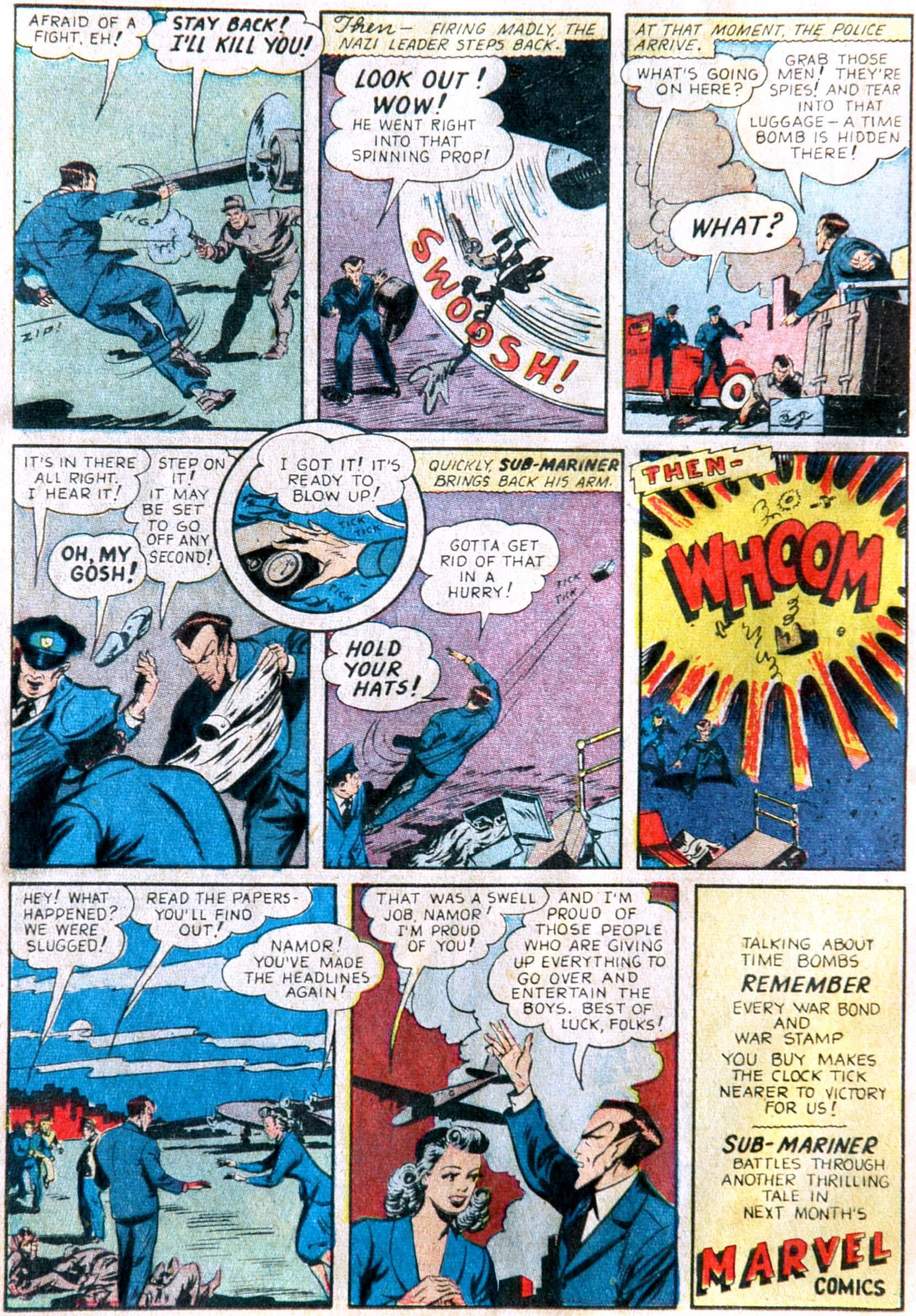

THE NEXT MOMENT···
SO THIS IS HOW THEY PLAN TO GET RID OF ME! COME ON, UGLY!
SILENTLY, THE BATTLE RAGES.
GOT TO DODGE THOSE TENTACLES OR I'M A SMOKED HERRING!
WHILE THE AUDIENCE APPLAUDS THINKING IT PART OF THE ACT···
LOOKIT THAT, WILL YA?
NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!
HE'S··· GOT ME!·· ··· CAN'T··· BREAK AWAY··· FROM··· THOSE··· TENTACLES!
BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER! A FURIOUS WRENCH POURS INK AND BLOOD FROM THE WOUNDED BODY OF THE MONSTER!
HANG IT ALL! I'M NOT DONE YET! COME HERE, YOU!
THAT DID IT! NOW TO GET THE BOYS WHO PLANTED YOU HERE!
I'M ALL IN ONE PIECE BUT SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!
NAMOR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?


NAMOR SNATCHES THE DRAPERY FROM THE SIDE OF THE TANK.
SO THAT'S WHERE HE CAME FROM! VERY INGENIOUS!
I STILL HAVE THE SHAKES!
I GET IT!
YOU GET WHAT?
LAST NIGHT I WAS SLUGGED! WHEN I CAME TO, I FOUND NOTHING HAD BEEN STOLEN, SO I PASSED IT OFF!
THAT'S WHEN THEY BROUGHT THAT THING IN HERE!
BETTY GETS AN IDEA!
LOOK AT THIS, NAMOR! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO TRACE THIS GLASS THROUGH ITS TRADEMARK!
THAT'S RIGHT! COME ON- LET'S GO!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
CAN YOU TELL ME WHO BOUGHT THIS GLASS? WE TRACED IT TO YOUR SHOP.
HMM! THREE MEN BOUGHT IT YESTERDAY... TOOK IT WITH THEM ON THEIR CAR ROOF. SORRY- I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO THEY WERE!
GLAS
THAT'S OUR LAST LEAD. OH!... HELLO, JOE. SAY! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US!
HELLO, BETTY! HUH, ME?
MEET SUB-MARINER, JOE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HELP US ON A CASE!
GEE! GLAD TO KNOW YA! I- I'LL DO ANY- I CAN!
ATTABOY, JOE!
REACH ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND FIND OUT IF THEY SAW A CAR WITH PLATE GLASS TIED TO THE ROOF. WE HAVE TO FIND THAT CAR!
SURE, BETTY- SURE! I'LL ROUND UP ALL THE GANG!
SOON, THE NEWSBOYS HAVE THE STORY.
THEY THINK BACK...
YEAH!... I REMEMBER NOW- IT WENT DOWN MAPLE STREET!
THAT'S RIGHT! THEN TURNED RIGHT ON FIFTH!
AND I SAW IT STOP DOWN ON WILBON!
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! SO WILBON IS THE PLACE, EH?


NIGHT FALLS AS THE PAIR REACH THEIR DESTINATION.
YOU STAY HERE, BETTY! I'M GOING ON ALONE— AND DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!
OH, WELL··· ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE THE BOSS!
WILBON
FIFTH ST.
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! HMM··· THAT OLD HOUSE MIGHT BE A GOOD PLACE TO START MY SEARCH!
PRETTY DARK HERE! LET'S SEE··· AH! THE SMITHS LIVE HERE—AN EASY NAME FOR ANYONE TO TAG OVER A BELL. I'LL LOOK THEM OVER, ANYWAY.
BUT, BEFORE HE CAN MOVE···
A SNOOPER, HEY! THAT'LL FIX YOU!
UGGG!
WHACK!
HERR BRUNDER! SEE WHAT I FOUND IN THE HALL!
ACH, DER LIEBER! SUB-MARINER. HE ESCAPED THE SQUID! TIE HIM UP!
IT IS INCREDIBLE!
WAKE UP, PIG!
KICK HIM AGAIN!
WHERE AM I! OWW!- YOU DIRTY!
THIS TIME, MY FRIEND, YOU WILL DIE BEFORE MY EYES— OF TORTURE! I WILL SKIN YOU ALIVE WITH MY OWN HANDS!
GO JUMP IN THE LAKE, SLIME PUSS!

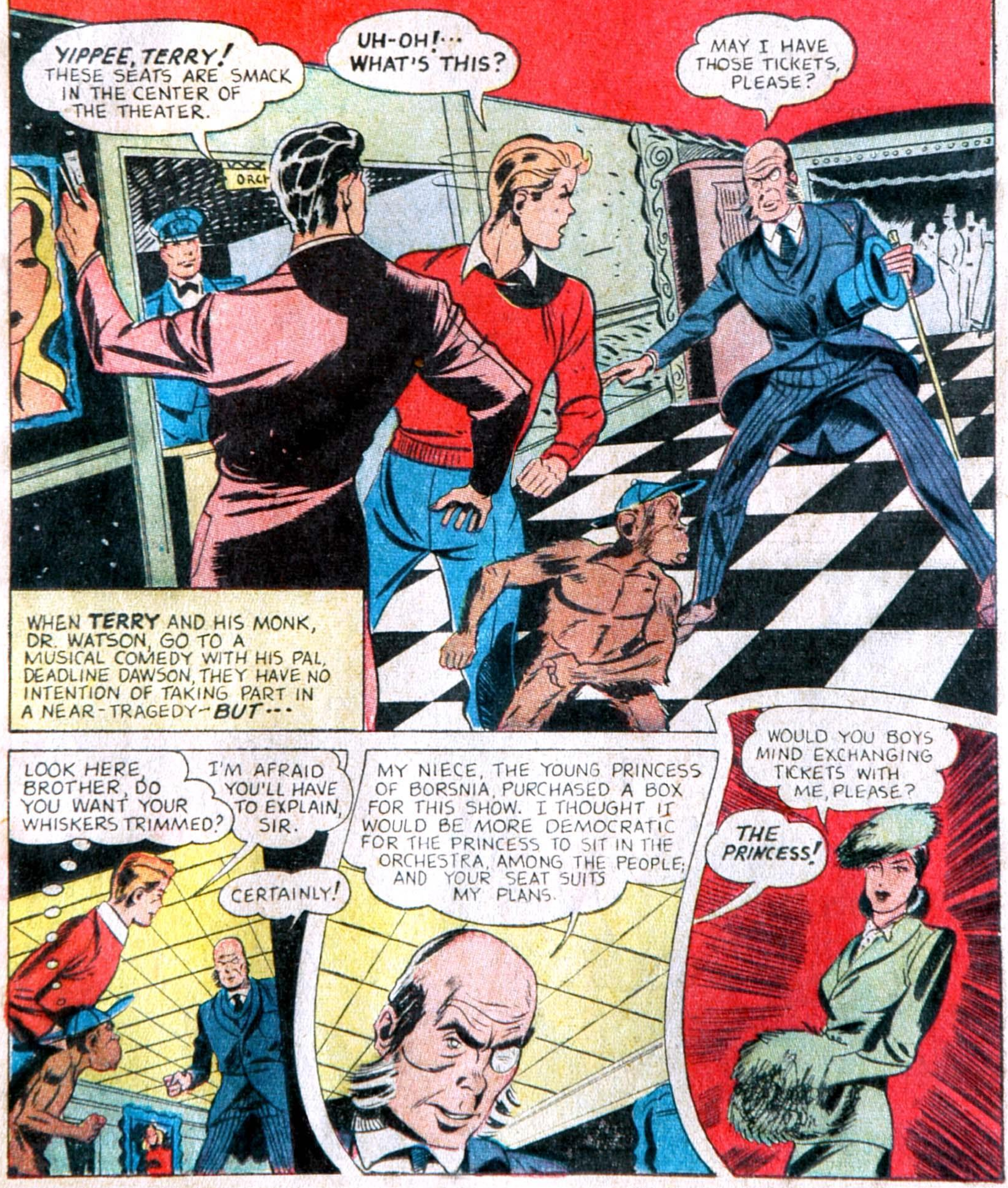

THE LEADER TAKES A KNIFE··· ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES···
BRUNDER! THE PLANE IS LEAVING AHEAD OF SCHEDULE! IT TAKES OFF AT DAWN!
WHAT?
PLANE? THAT MUST BE THE ONE THE PERFORMERS ARE GOING IN!
TOO BAD! I WILL NOT SEE YOUR END! BUT, WITH THIS LITTLE DEVICE, YOU SHALL MEET DEATH. MOVE- AND THE GUN GOES OFF! OR YOU CAN WAIT UNTIL THE CANDLE DOES THE TRICK··· EITHER WAY. SO LONG!
ENJOY YOURSELF, WHILE WE TAKE CARE OF YOUR FRIENDS!
YOU'LL DANCE ON THE END OF A ROPE FOR THIS!
MINUTES TICK BY. CALMLY, NAMOR TAKES IN THE SITUATION···
THAT CANDLE'S GOING TO BURN THROUGH ANY MINUTE. GOTTA THINK FAST!
I'VE GOT IT! HERE'S WHERE I DO A LITTLE BEAVER WORK!
IT WORKS!··· THE STRING FALLS! NAMOR SQUIRMS TO HIS FEET AND HOBBLES FORWARD.
AT LEAST I'M OUT OF REACH OF THAT GUN! NOW TO BURN OFF THESE ROPES.
BITING PAIN GRIPS HIM AS HE HOLDS THE ROPES OVER THE CANDLE
OHOO! I HAVE TO STAND IT!
AND JUST AS THE ROPES BURN OFF···
BANG!
JUST MADE IT! WAIT TILL I CATCH UP WITH THOSE FILTHY NAZIS!
10

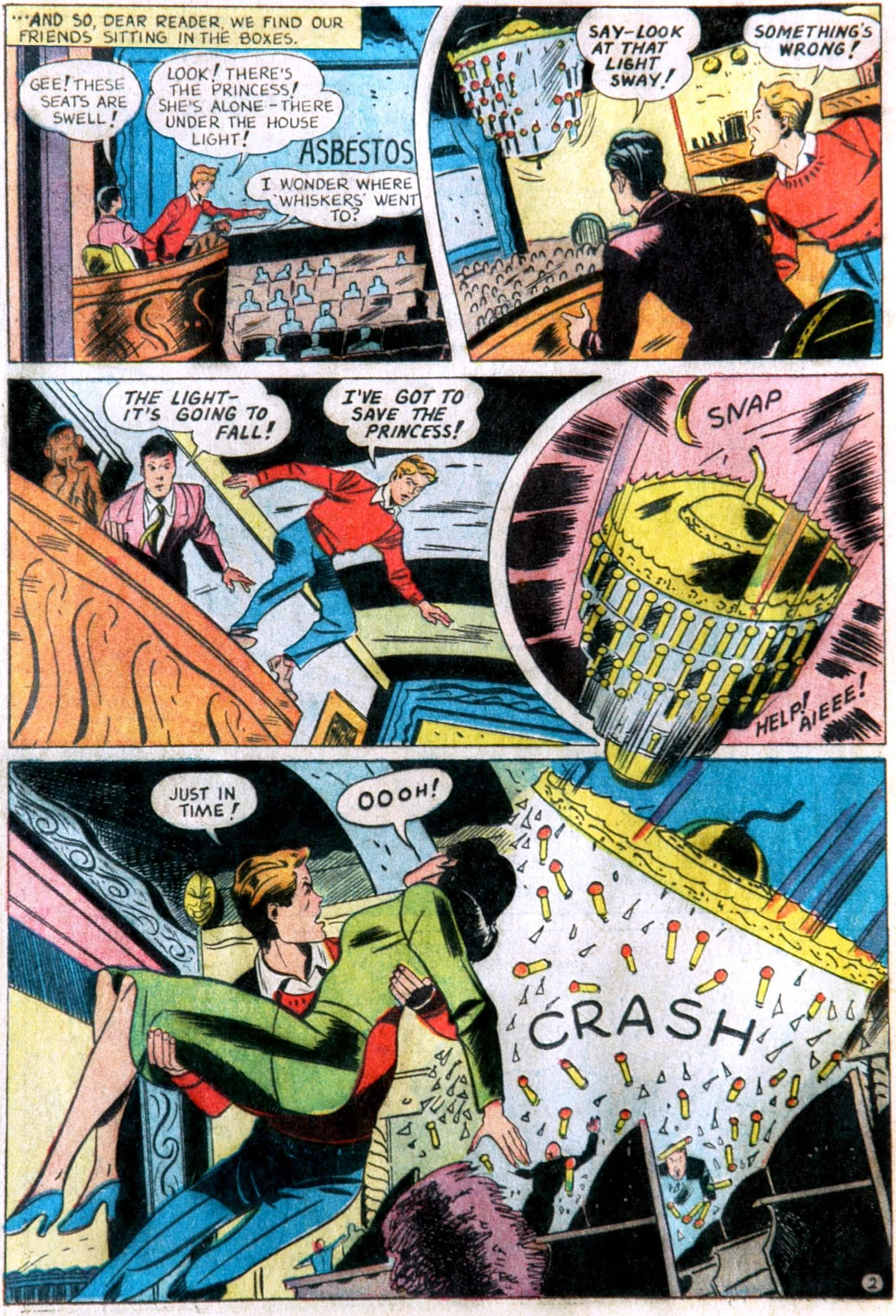

A MOMENT LATER, SUB-MARINER IS OUT OF THE HOUSE.
THAT PLANE LEAVES AT DAWN. IT'S ALMOST THAT NOW. TAXI! TO THE AIRPORT-HURRY!
SUB-MARINER! WOW! HOP IN AND HANG ON!
N.Y. 1943 D-1910
THE MILES SPEED BY.
HERE WE ARE!
THERE'S THE PLANE - I'M NOT TOO LATE!
TAXI
S'FUNNY! EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY. THE PERFORMERS ARE GOING ABOARD - AND NO SIGN OF THE NAZIS! WONDER HOW THEY'RE PLANNING TO DESTROY THE PLANE
BUT-
HMMM! THOSE MEN DON'T SEEM ANXIOUS TO BE SEEN.
THAT'S IT! A TIME BOMB IN WITH THE LUGGAGE! IF THOSE ARE THE MEN, THEY DISPOSED OF THE REAL ATTENDANTS!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!
HIMMEL! A GHOST!
LOOK OUT!
HERE'S A BOMB FOR YOU!
KILL HIM BEFORE WE'RE CAUGHT!
AHAAAA!
SUDDENLY, THE COWARDLY BRUNDER PULLS LOOSE AND RUNS FOR IT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
ONE MORE OUT! NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT HEAD MAN!

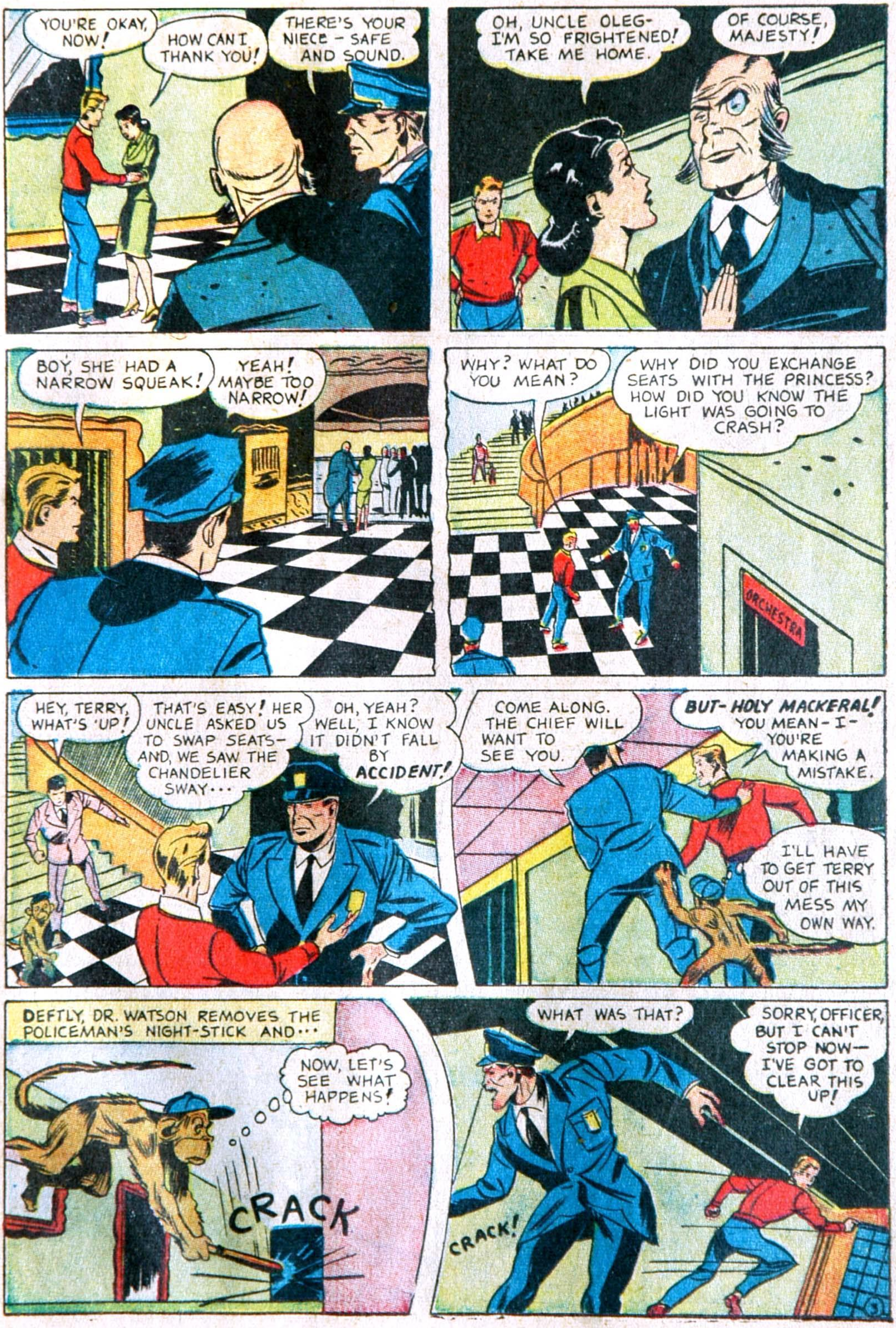

AFRAID OF A FIGHT, EH!
STAY BACK! I'LL KILL YOU!
ZING!
ZIP!
Then— FIRING MADLY, THE NAZI LEADER STEPS BACK.
LOOK OUT! WOW! HE WENT RIGHT INTO THAT SPINNING PROP!
SWOOSH!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE POLICE ARRIVE.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
GRAB THOSE MEN! THEY'RE SPIES! AND TEAR INTO THAT LUGGAGE—A TIME BOMB IS HIDDEN THERE!
WHAT?
IT'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT. I HEAR IT!
STEP ON IT! IT MAY BE SET TO GO OFF ANY SECOND!
OH, MY GOSH!
I GOT IT! IT'S READY TO BLOW UP!
TICK TICK
TICK
QUICKLY, SUB-MARINER BRINGS BACK HIS ARM.
GOTTA GET RID OF THAT IN A HURRY!
TICK TICK
HOLD YOUR HATS!
THEN—
WHOOM
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? WE WERE SLUGGED!
READ THE PAPERS—YOU'LL FIND OUT!
NAMOR! YOU'VE MADE THE HEADLINES AGAIN!
THAT WAS A SWELL JOB, NAMOR! I'M PROUD OF YOU!
AND I'M PROUD OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE GIVING UP EVERYTHING TO GO OVER AND ENTERTAIN THE BOYS. BEST OF LUCK, FOLKS!
TALKING ABOUT TIME BOMBS REMEMBER EVERY WAR BOND AND WAR STAMP YOU BUY MAKES THE CLOCK TICK NEARER TO VICTORY FOR US!
SUB-MARINER BATTLES THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING TALE IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS

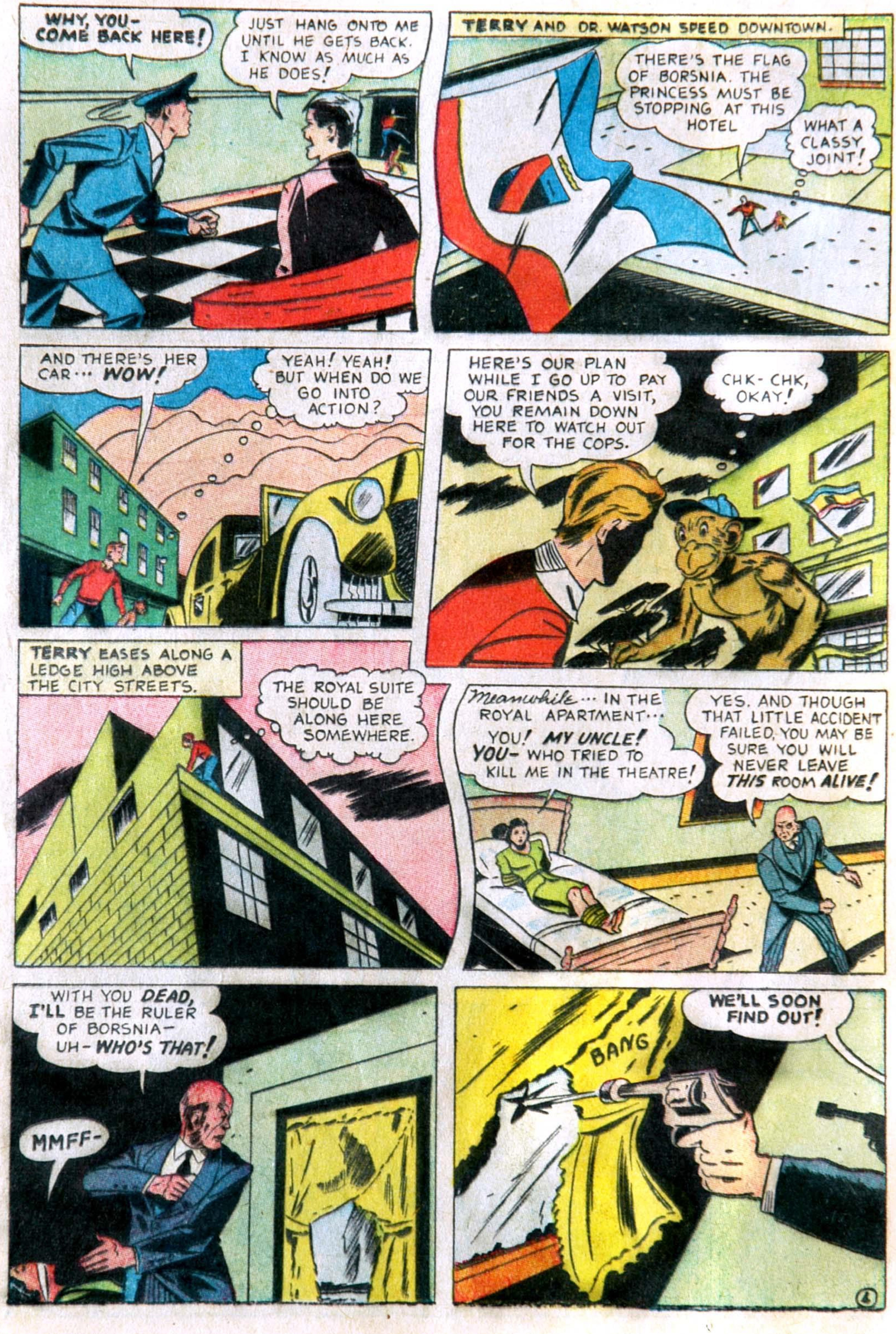
Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

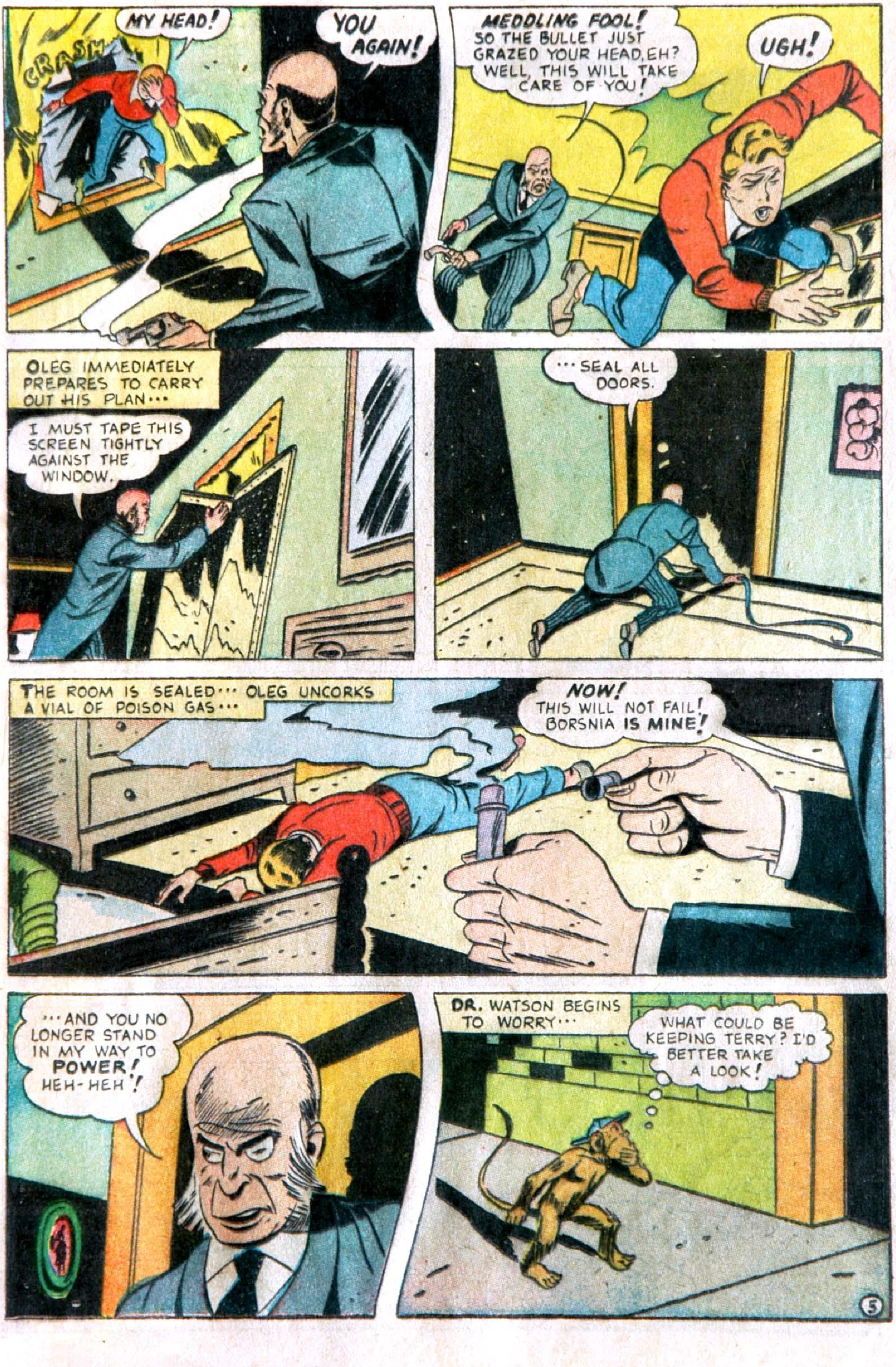
The CASE OF THE EAGER DIPLOMAT

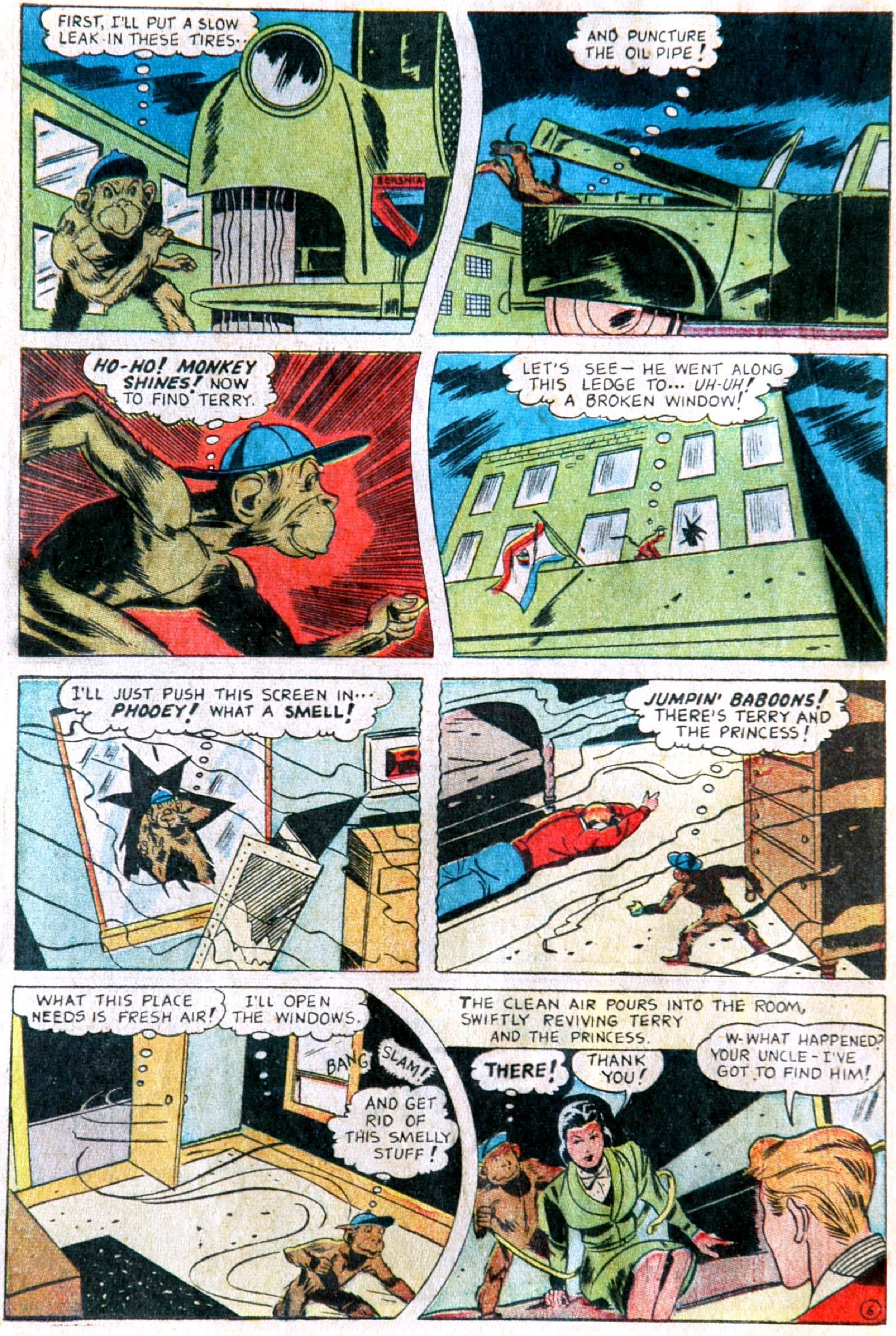

YIPPEE, TERRY! THESE SEATS ARE SMACK IN THE CENTER OF THE THEATER.
UH-OH!... WHAT'S THIS?
MAY I HAVE THOSE TICKETS, PLEASE?
ORCH
WHEN TERRY AND HIS MONK, DR. WATSON, GO TO A MUSICAL COMEDY WITH HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON, THEY HAVE NO INTENTION OF TAKING PART IN A NEAR-TRAGEDY--BUT...
LOOK HERE BROTHER, DO YOU WANT YOUR WHISKERS TRIMMED?
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN, SIR.
CERTAINLY!
MY NIECE, THE YOUNG PRINCESS OF BORSNIA, PURCHASED A BOX FOR THIS SHOW. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE DEMOCRATIC FOR THE PRINCESS TO SIT IN THE ORCHESTRA, AMONG THE PEOPLE; AND YOUR SEAT SUITS MY PLANS.
WOULD YOU BOYS MIND EXCHANGING TICKETS WITH ME, PLEASE?
THE PRINCESS!

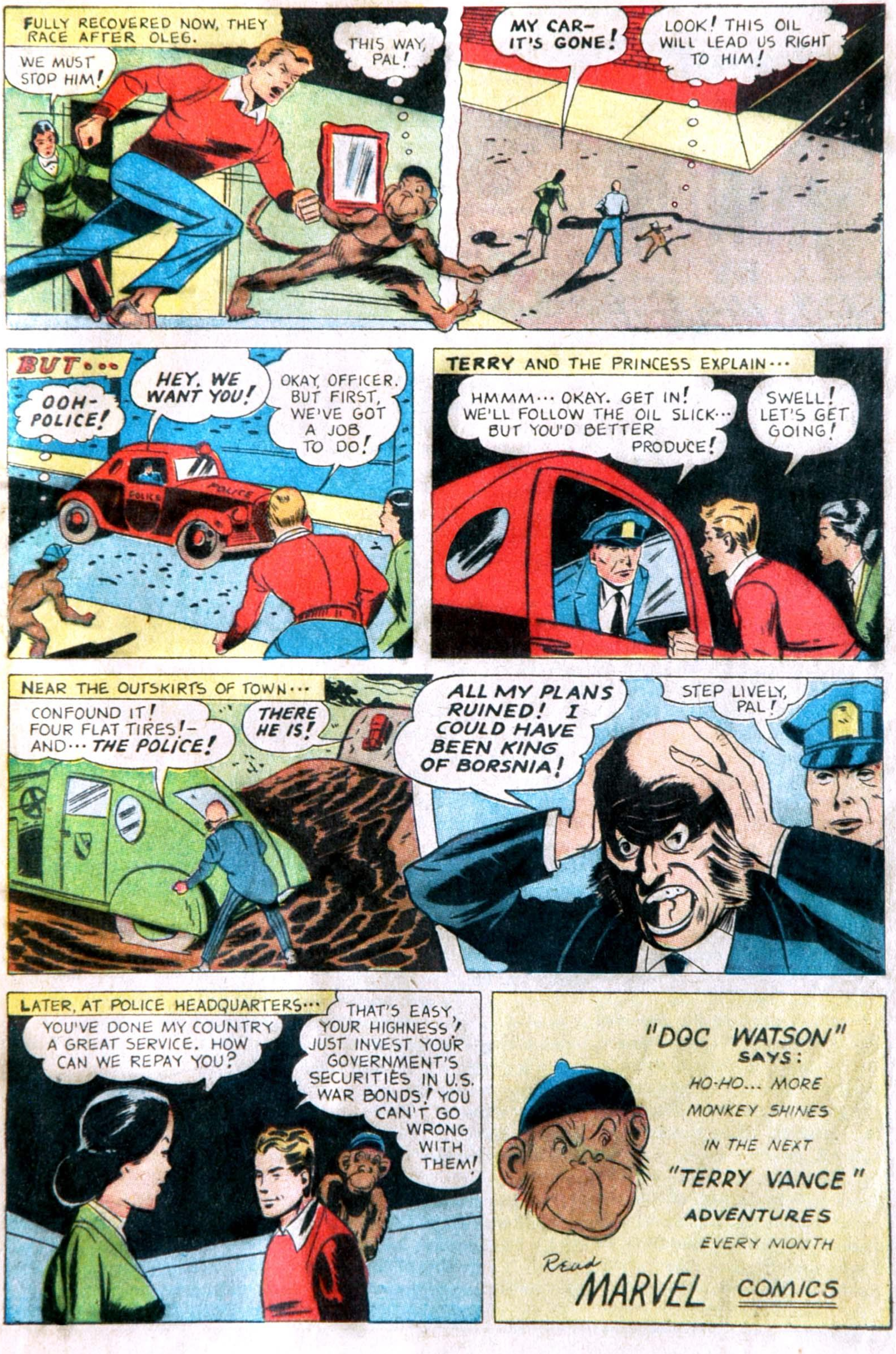

...AND SO, DEAR READER, WE FIND OUR FRIENDS SITTING IN THE BOXES.
GEE! THESE SEATS ARE SWELL!
LOOK! THERE'S THE PRINCESS! SHE'S ALONE - THERE UNDER THE HOUSE LIGHT!
ASBESTOS
I WONDER WHERE 'WHISKERS' WENT TO?
SAY-LOOK AT THAT LIGHT SWAY!
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
THE LIGHT- IT'S GOING TO FALL!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE PRINCESS!
SNAP
HELP! AIEEE!
JUST IN TIME!
OOOH!
CRASH


YOU'RE OKAY, NOW!
HOW CAN I THANK YOU!
THERE'S YOUR NIECE - SAFE AND SOUND.
OH, UNCLE OLEG- I'M SO FRIGHTENED! TAKE ME HOME.
OF COURSE, MAJESTY!
BOY, SHE HAD A NARROW SQUEAK!
YEAH! MAYBE TOO NARROW!
WHY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHY DID YOU EXCHANGE SEATS WITH THE PRINCESS? HOW DID YOU KNOW THE LIGHT WAS GOING TO CRASH?
ORCHESTRA
HEY, TERRY, WHAT'S 'UP!
THAT'S EASY! HER UNCLE ASKED US TO SWAP SEATS- AND, WE SAW THE CHANDELIER SWAY...
OH, YEAH? WELL, I KNOW IT DIDN'T FALL BY **ACCIDENT!**
COME ALONG. THE CHIEF WILL WANT TO SEE YOU.
BUT- HOLY MACKERAL! YOU MEAN- I- YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.
I'LL HAVE TO GET TERRY OUT OF THIS MESS MY OWN WAY.
DEFTLY, DR. WATSON REMOVES THE POLICEMAN'S NIGHT-STICK AND...
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
CRACK
WHAT WAS THAT?
SORRY, OFFICER, BUT I CAN'T STOP NOW— I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS UP!
CRACK!


WHY, YOU- COME BACK HERE!
JUST HANG ONTO ME UNTIL HE GETS BACK. I KNOW AS MUCH AS HE DOES!
TERRY AND DR. WATSON SPEED DOWNTOWN.
THERE'S THE FLAG OF BORSNIA. THE PRINCESS MUST BE STOPPING AT THIS HOTEL
WHAT A CLASSY JOINT!
AND THERE'S HER CAR... WOW!
YEAH! YEAH! BUT WHEN DO WE GO INTO ACTION?
HERE'S OUR PLAN WHILE I GO UP TO PAY OUR FRIENDS A VISIT, YOU REMAIN DOWN HERE TO WATCH OUT FOR THE COPS.
CHK- CHK, OKAY!
TERRY EASES ALONG A LEDGE HIGH ABOVE THE CITY STREETS.
THE ROYAL SUITE SHOULD BE ALONG HERE SOMEWHERE.
Meanwhile... IN THE ROYAL APARTMENT...
YOU! MY UNCLE! YOU- WHO TRIED TO KILL ME IN THE THEATRE!
YES. AND THOUGH THAT LITTLE ACCIDENT FAILED, YOU MAY BE SURE YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE!
WITH YOU DEAD, I'LL BE THE RULER OF BORSNIA- UH- WHO'S THAT!
MMFF-
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
BANG


CRASH
MY HEAD!
YOU AGAIN!
MEDDLING FOOL! SO THE BULLET JUST GRAZED YOUR HEAD, EH? WELL, THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
UGH!
OLEG IMMEDIATELY PREPARES TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN...
I MUST TAPE THIS SCREEN TIGHTLY AGAINST THE WINDOW.
...SEAL ALL DOORS.
THE ROOM IS SEALED... OLEG UNCORKS A VIAL OF POISON GAS...
NOW! THIS WILL NOT FAIL! BORSNIA IS MINE!
...AND YOU NO LONGER STAND IN MY WAY TO POWER! HEH-HEH!
DR. WATSON BEGINS TO WORRY...
WHAT COULD BE KEEPING TERRY? I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!


FIRST, I'LL PUT A SLOW LEAK IN THESE TIRES..
BORSHIA
AND PUNCTURE THE OIL PIPE!
HO-HO! MONKEY SHINES! NOW TO FIND TERRY.
LET'S SEE— HE WENT ALONG THIS LEDGE TO... UH-UH! A BROKEN WINDOW!
I'LL JUST PUSH THIS SCREEN IN... PHOOEY! WHAT A SMELL!
JUMPIN' BABOONS! THERE'S TERRY AND THE PRINCESS!
WHAT THIS PLACE NEEDS IS FRESH AIR!
I'LL OPEN THE WINDOWS.
BANG
SLAM!
AND GET RID OF THIS SMELLY STUFF!
THE CLEAN AIR POURS INTO THE ROOM, SWIFTLY REVIVING TERRY AND THE PRINCESS.
THERE!
THANK YOU!
W-WHAT HAPPENED? YOUR UNCLE - I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
6


FULLY RECOVERED NOW, THEY RACE AFTER OLEG.
WE MUST STOP HIM!
THIS WAY, PAL!
MY CAR— IT'S GONE!
LOOK! THIS OIL WILL LEAD US RIGHT TO HIM!
BUT...
OOH— POLICE!
HEY. WE WANT YOU!
OKAY, OFFICER. BUT FIRST, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!
POLICE
TERRY AND THE PRINCESS EXPLAIN...
HMMM... OKAY. GET IN! WE'LL FOLLOW THE OIL SLICK... BUT YOU'D BETTER PRODUCE!
SWELL! LET'S GET GOING!
NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
CONFOUND IT! FOUR FLAT TIRES!— AND... THE POLICE!
THERE HE IS!
ALL MY PLANS RUINED! I COULD HAVE BEEN KING OF BORSNIA!
STEP LIVELY, PAL!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
YOU'VE DONE MY COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE. HOW CAN WE REPAY YOU?
THAT'S EASY, YOUR HIGHNESS! JUST INVEST YOUR GOVERNMENT'S SECURITIES IN U.S. WAR BONDS! YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THEM!
"DOC WATSON" SAYS:
HO-HO... MORE MONKEY SHINES IN THE NEXT "TERRY VANCE" ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH
Read MARVEL COMICS

MASTERMIND

BY

Cifo Uthbert

THE THREE jewel thieves stood, ill at ease, in the dingy basement of the old unoccupied house in Gallow's Lane, waiting for orders.

"When's the Boss goin' to speak?" Joe Turner whispered. "This place gives me the creeps."

Cliff Bandera put a finger to his mouth. "Shhh," he mumbled, "it's still a minute to eight and Mastermind is always on time—and don't forget, it's Mastermind not Boss. That's what the Big Chief wants to be called and it's smart to obey orders if you want to stay healthy."

Suddenly, an eerie voice boomed forth, it sounded hollow and unnatural. The three hardened criminals cast nervous glances around the dim candle lighted cellar, in an effort to learn where the voice came from.

"You did a good job in getting the VanBrooch necklace," the Voice said, "here's your next assignment. There will be a party tomorrow night at the home of Dr. Snyder on Walnut Terrace. Arrive there in formal dress at eleven-fifteen and mingle among the guests on the lawn. There will be a large crowd so you won't be noticed. At eleven-thirty, be at the west garden window. The lights will be turned off for ten minutes then, so Dr. Snyder can display his garden fountains in the moonlight. The room opening from the west window contains a small wall safe, in which will be Dr. Snyder's fifty thousand dollar collection of diamonds — get them! And, don't forget to leave my calling card!"

Blackie Burke nodded to Cliff and Joe as the Voice stopped abruptly. The crooks had their orders, they knew they were to leave immediately. Obediently they walked up the creaking wood steps to the first floor and went out into the cool summer night.

Private Detective Tom Ryan flattened on his stomach in the tall grass as the men walked toward the sedan parked at the side of the road. He waited until the men got into the car and drove away before he ventured toward the house.

He tried the knob and the door swung inward. He stepped inside, the darkness was dense as he reached for the flashlight in his coat pocket.

Experience warned him suddenly of the nearness of another person. He heard a faint sound of movement beside him and quickly crouched. Something hard glanced along the top of his head, knocking him off balance.

Hasty footsteps raced to the doorway and a dark clad figure was momentarily silhouetted against the moonlight; then it vanished.

Ryan staggered to the doorway on wobbly legs. He listened for the sound of the retreating figure. The swish of grass was audible but the direction of the sound was hard to determine.

There was the soft purr of an expensive motor, then an unlighted coupe sprang from between a group of trees and sped away into the night.

"Mastermind!" Ryan muttered. At last after two months of hard work, he was on the right track.

His supposition that Cliff Bandera and his two pals were working for Mastermind, had proven correct. His trailing them to this desolate house had borne fruit.

Ryan closed the door and played the flashlight on the stairway that led to the second floor. Footprints in the dust told him that the steps had been used recently.

He went upstairs and began a search of the rooms. The nearest three bedrooms and the bathroom were empty and heavily cobwebbed. No one had been inside them for a long time. As he reached the rear bedroom, a smile brightened his face. Like the other rooms, it too lacked furniture. But the cobwebs had been brushed away and a small box was set on the mantlepiece.

He was aware of the significance of the box before he reached it. A transmitter with a hand filter microphone attached to it; the type of microphone used in radio stations to produce an eerie effect.

Using his handkerchief, he picked up the microphone. He pushed a switch on the transmitter and raised the microphone to his lips. "Mastermind speaks!" he said softly.

His words resounded throughout the empty house and echoed back to him—like a voice from the dead.

Snapping off the switch, he traced the wires that led from the transmitter to the back window. The flashlight picked out the wire strands that ran down the outside wall to a basement window.

Disconnecting the wires, he confiscated the transmitter and hurried to the basement. His trained eyes found the small loud speaker concealed on the side of the window. He yanked the speaker out of place.

AN HOUR LATER RYAN entered his hotel suite. All criminals make at least one mistake which eventually leads to the penitentiary. Perhaps Mastermind never expected his remote rendezvous to be discovered and so had left fingerprints on the transmitting set.

Hopefully he set to work in

his laboratory. He carefully scrutinized the transmitter, the filter microphone, the speaker.

"My luck is still bad," he finally told himself, "not a print anywhere!"

When he first took over the job of finding Mastermind for the Jewelry Insurance Company, Ryan thought he could easily trap the criminal. A card with the one word. "Mastermind" written on it, had been left at the scene of each of the three robberies committed to that date. Ryan had thought this the work of a mentally unbalanced crook who, in his state of insanity, could be traced without much trouble.

But now he knew that he wasn't dealing with a madman. He had great respect for the brilliance of the man who was able to obtain inside information, plan, and execute flawless robberies under the very nose of the police. Nine jewel thefts had taken place since he'd been on the job, which caused his employers a cool half million dollars in insurance payments. His job and his reputation were at stake if he didn't catch up with Mastermind in a very short time.

The ring of the telephone snapped Ryan out of his thoughts. He picked up the receiver.

"Tom Ryan?" a muffled voice asked.

"Yeah."

"You're trying to catch Mastermind, aren't you?"

"Yeah." Ryan tensed, this might be a clue.

"Here's a tip, Ryan. Mastermind has planned to snatch Dr. Snyder's jewel collection tomorrow night at eleven-thirty!"

Ryan knew of the prominent physician's collection. He heard the receiver click at the other end of the line. Quickly, he dialed the operator. "Detective Ryan speaking," he said in an official tone, "trace the call that was just put through to me and call me back. Hurry, I'll be waiting."

A few minutes later, Ryan got the information he asked for. He told himself his luck was still bad. The call had been made from a pay station at the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal. He had no hopes of tracing the caller from there.

Wearily, he undressed for bed. If the phone call wasn't a hoax, he'd have Cliff Bandera and his pals in jail inside of twenty-four hours—but he also wanted Mastermind!

RYAN and Dr. Snyder hid behind the long drapes in the doorway of the room that faced the west lawn. Captain Davis and his men were stationed on the lawn and in the hallway.

None of the guests had been informed of the expected robbery, so the party was in full swing. In a few minutes the lights would be switched off for the fountain display and Ryan had reasoned, Cliff Bandera would make his bid for the jewels.

"Get ready," Dr. Snyder said softly, "it's eleven-thirty."

Ryan saw the lawn suddenly blacked out through the window, then a shadowy form raised the window noiselessly.

The jewel thieves had a surprise in store for them. It had been arranged for the lights to be turned on in three minutes. This should give the thieves just enough time to open the safe.

Cliff Bandera entered the room, followed by Joe Turner and Blackie Burke. A flashlight swept the wall. It rested on a picture, the only one that hung on the wall.

"This is easy," Blackie Burke said, "the safe is behind that picture. Mastermind sure knows how to pick 'em."

Joe Turner removed the picture and Cliff Bandera twirled the safe dial in his gloved hand.

The lights that illuminated the room and lawn froze the thieves with fear Ryan was handcuffing them as Captain Davis' men rushed into the room.

Captain Davis himself, entered the room last. He nodded his head at Ryan—and Ryan knew that the stage was set for the capture of Mastermind.

Ryan watched Captain Davis and Dr. Snyder go across the hallway and enter the library. He waited for two minutes, then went to the library door and rushed inside.

"I know who Mastermind is!" he exclaimed.

"Which one of the three men is he?" Dr. Snyder asked excitedly.

Captain Davis was standing alongside the desk at which Dr. Snyder sat. While the Doctor's attention was focused on Ryan, Captain Davis reached inside a partly-opened drawer and pushed a transmitter switch.

Dr. Snyder became aware of the smiles on the faces of the two men in the room with him. "What's the joke . . ." His words resounded throughout the room and echoed back at him in an eerie, deathly tone as the conceal filter microphone picked up his words. He jumped to his feet a startled expression on his face.

Captain Davis switched off the transmitter.

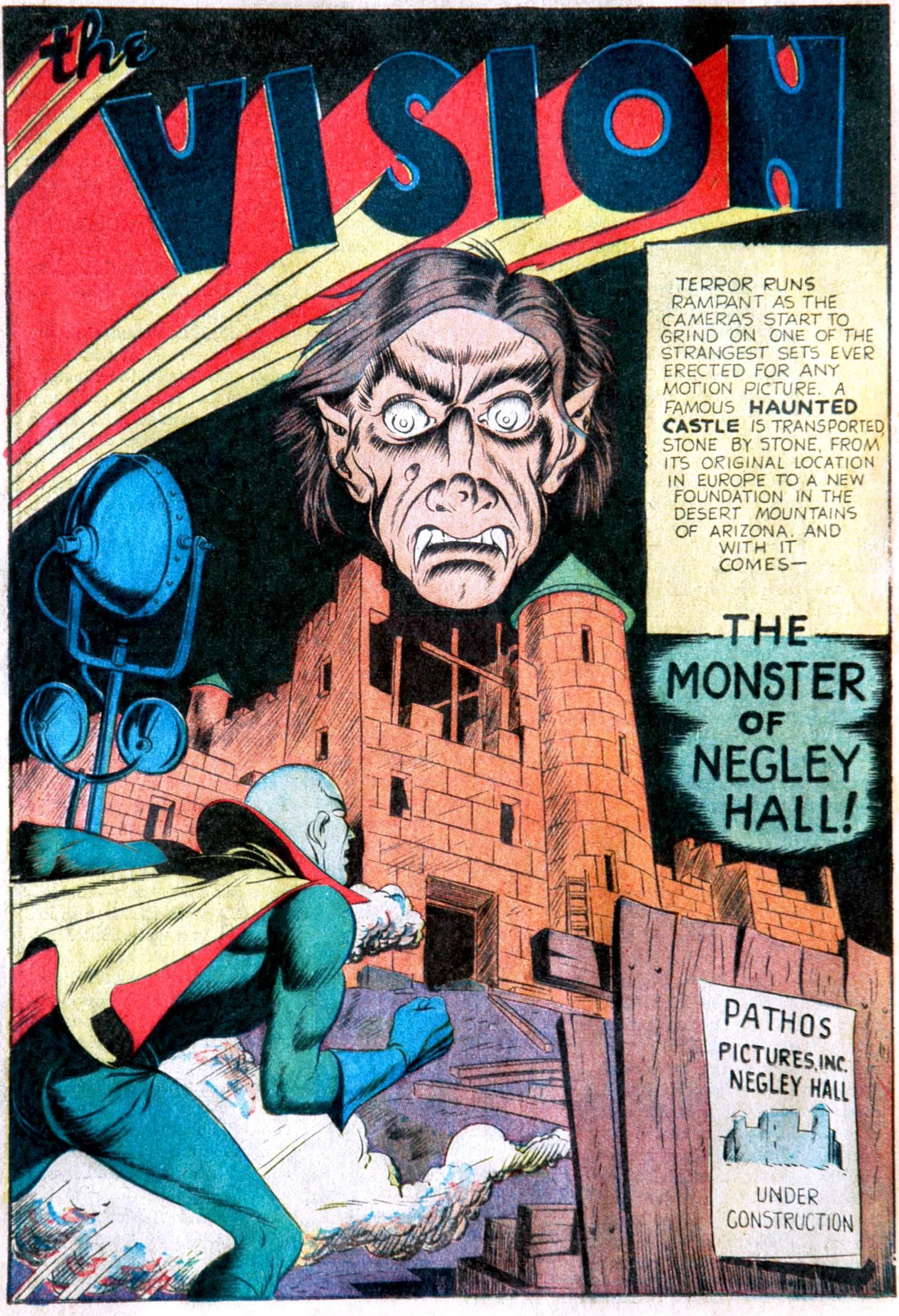
"You're Mastermind, Dr. Snyder," Ryan said calmly, "Cliff Bandera told me so."

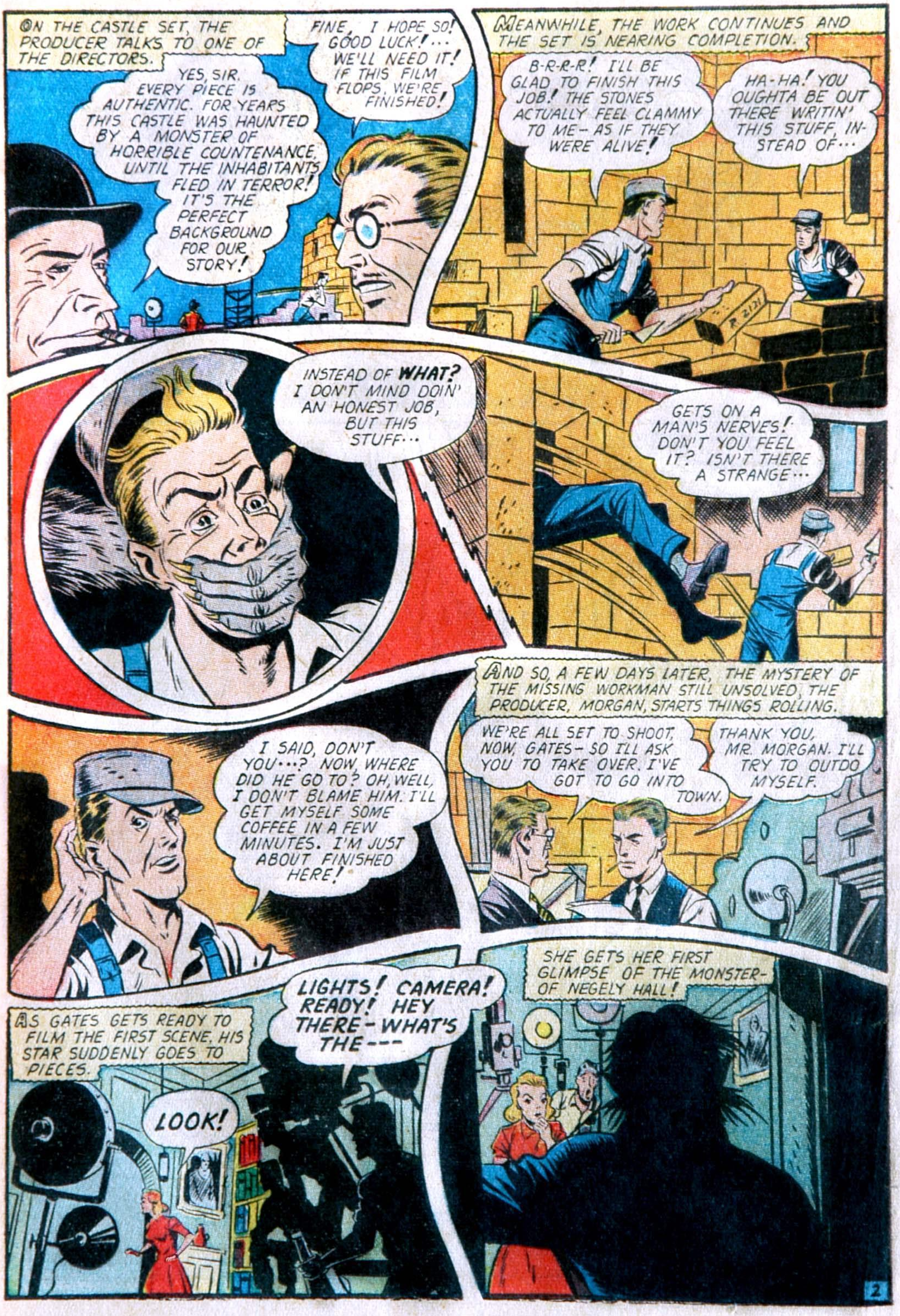
Dr. Snyder's face paled. "He couldn't have known, he never saw me . . ."

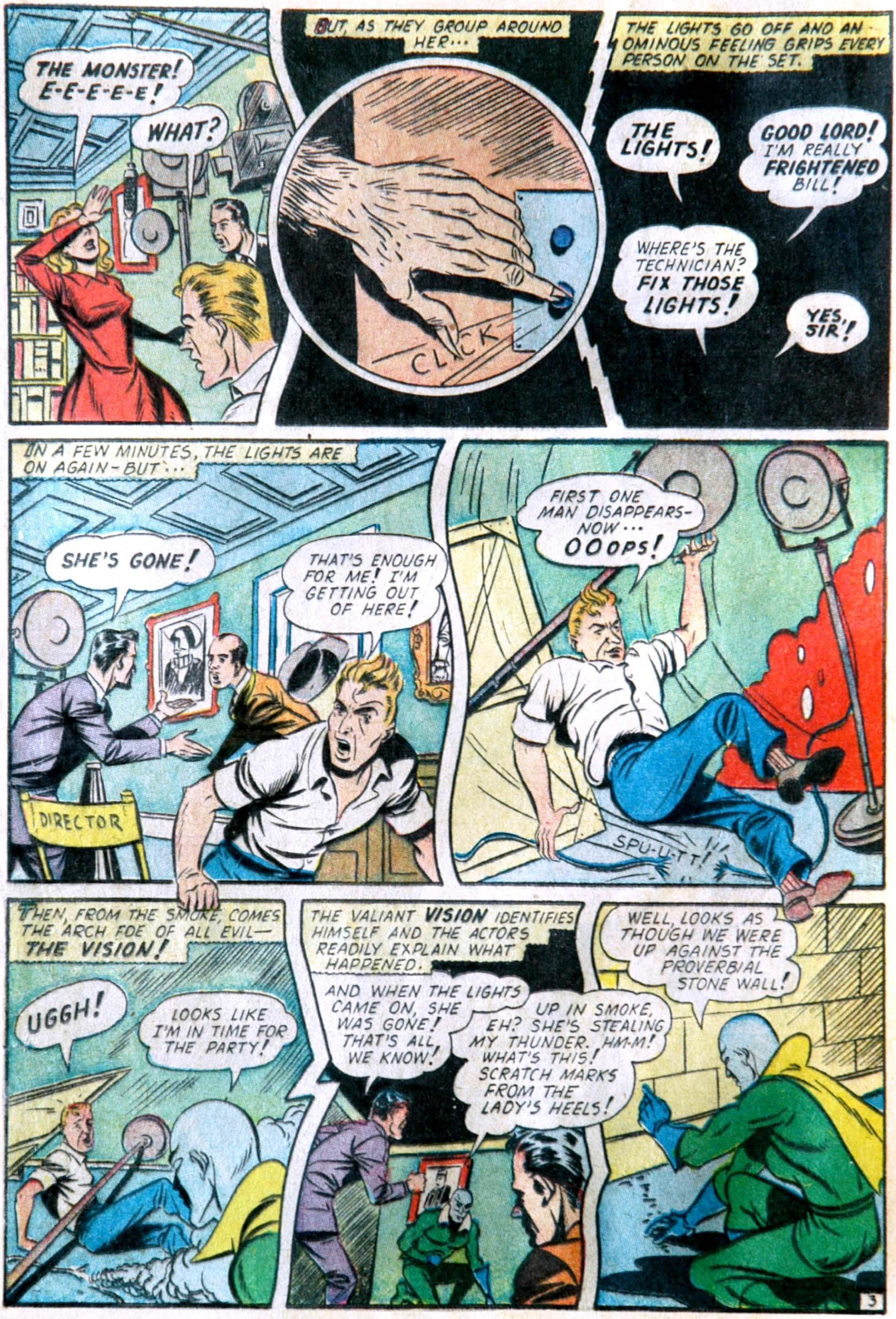
Ryan smiled, "That slip of the tongue is a confession—Mastermind! Of course Bandera didn't know who you were. But I figured only Mastermind and the men who did his dirty work, knew of his plans. After you found me close on your trail at the house on Gallow's Lane, you decided to end Mastermind's career before you were caught. So instead of stealing your own jewels and collecting the insurance on them, you informed me of the robbery so that you could get rid of your stooges."

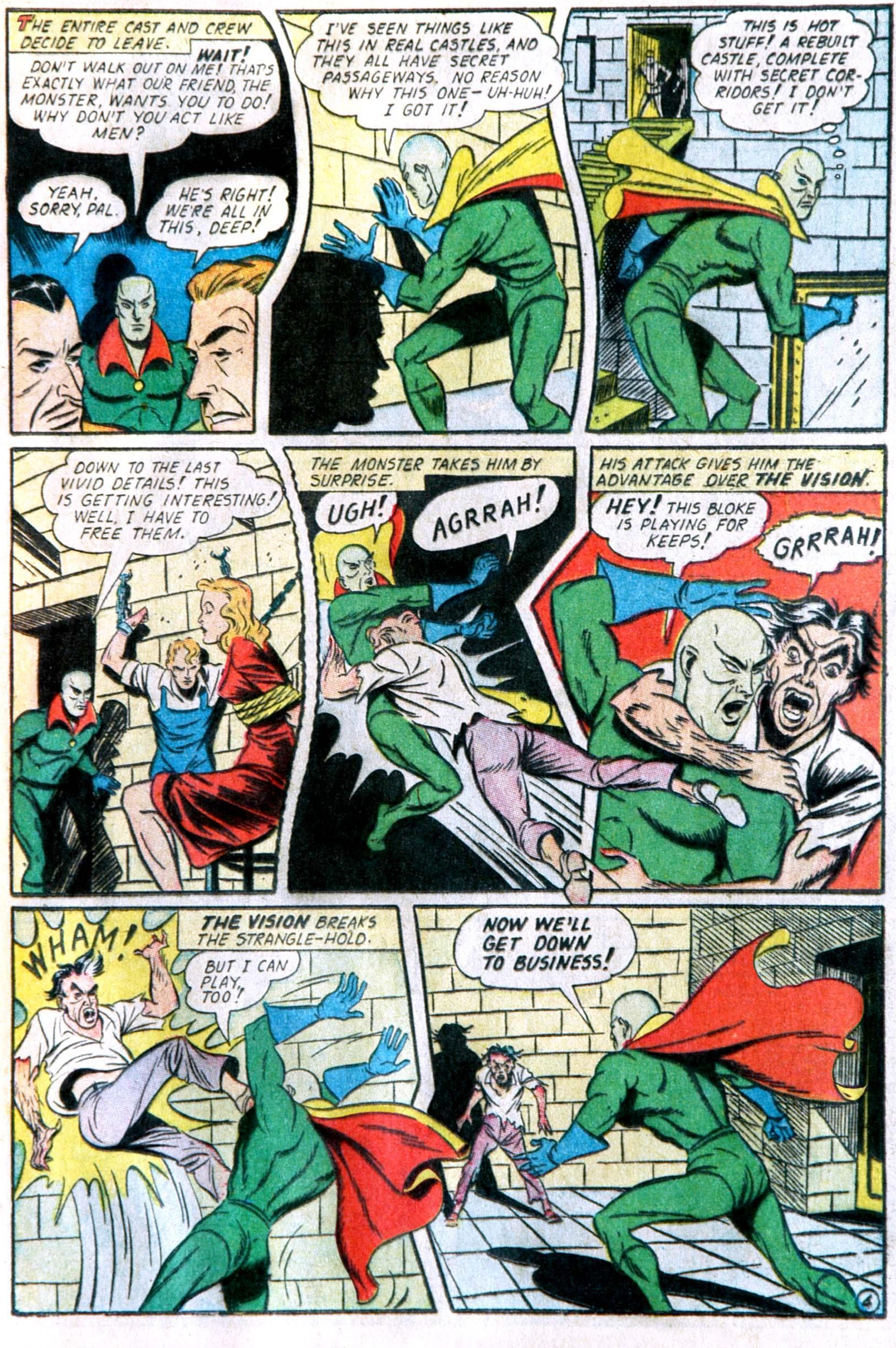
"Came along, Mastermind," Captain Davis said, "you're goin' to the hoosegow!"

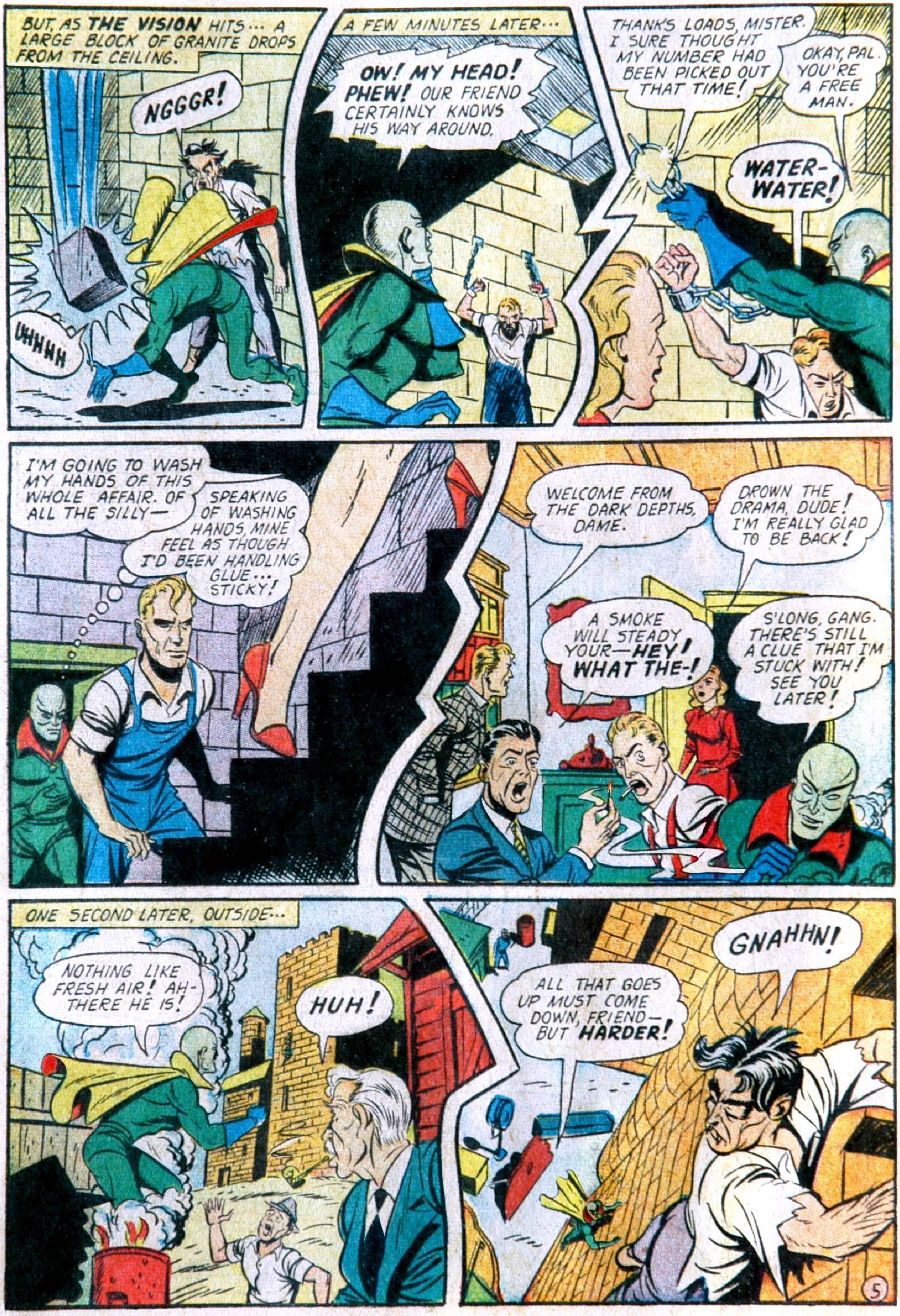
THE END

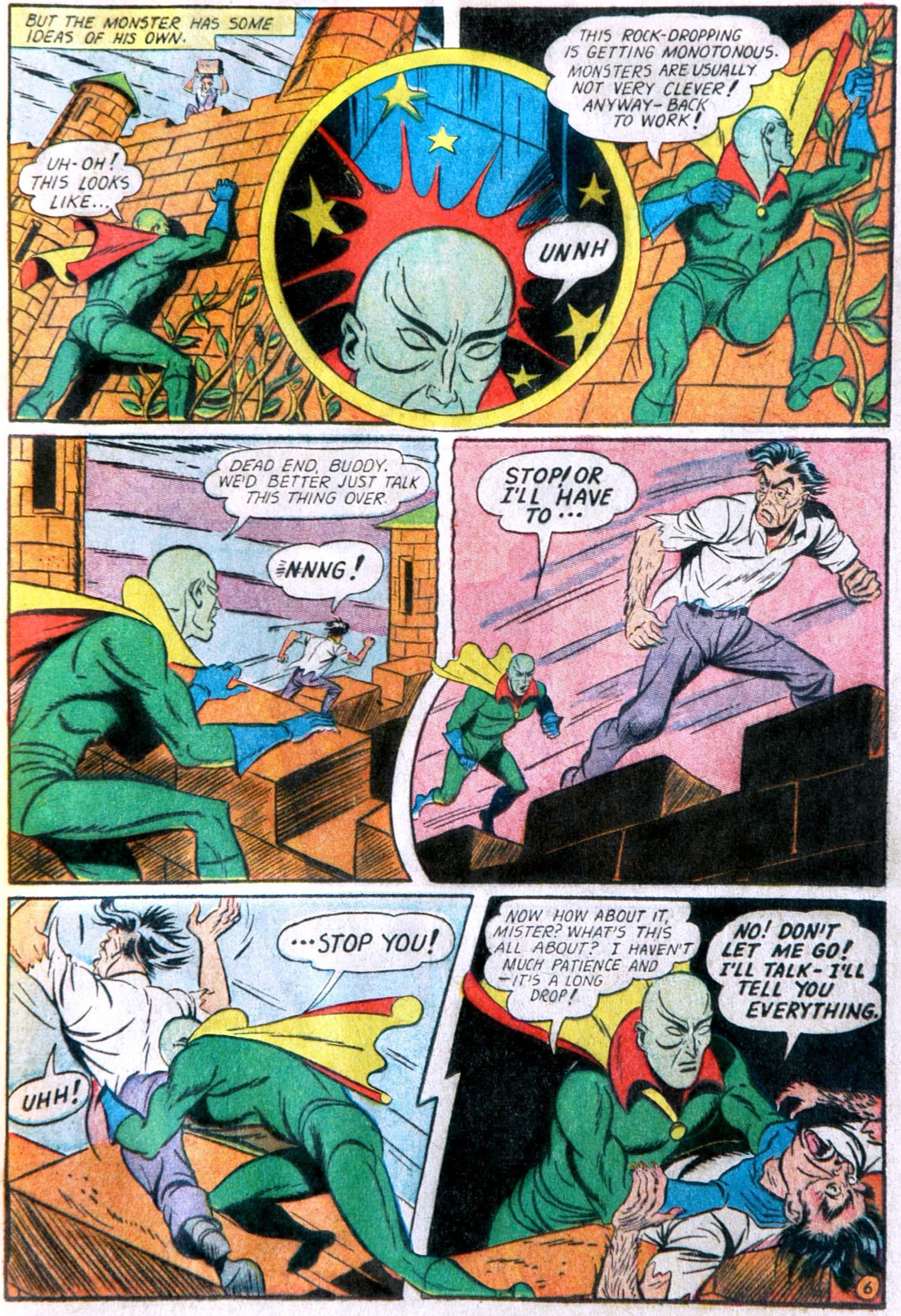

the VISION
TERROR RUNS RAMPANT AS THE CAMERAS START TO GRIND ON ONE OF THE STRANGEST SETS EVER ERECTED FOR ANY MOTION PICTURE. A FAMOUS HAUNTED CASTLE IS TRANSPORTED, STONE BY STONE, FROM ITS ORIGINAL LOCATION IN EUROPE TO A NEW FOUNDATION IN THE DESERT MOUNTAINS OF ARIZONA, AND WITH IT COMES—
THE MONSTER OF NEGLEY HALL!
PATHOS PICTURES, INC. NEGLEY HALL
UNDER CONSTRUCTION

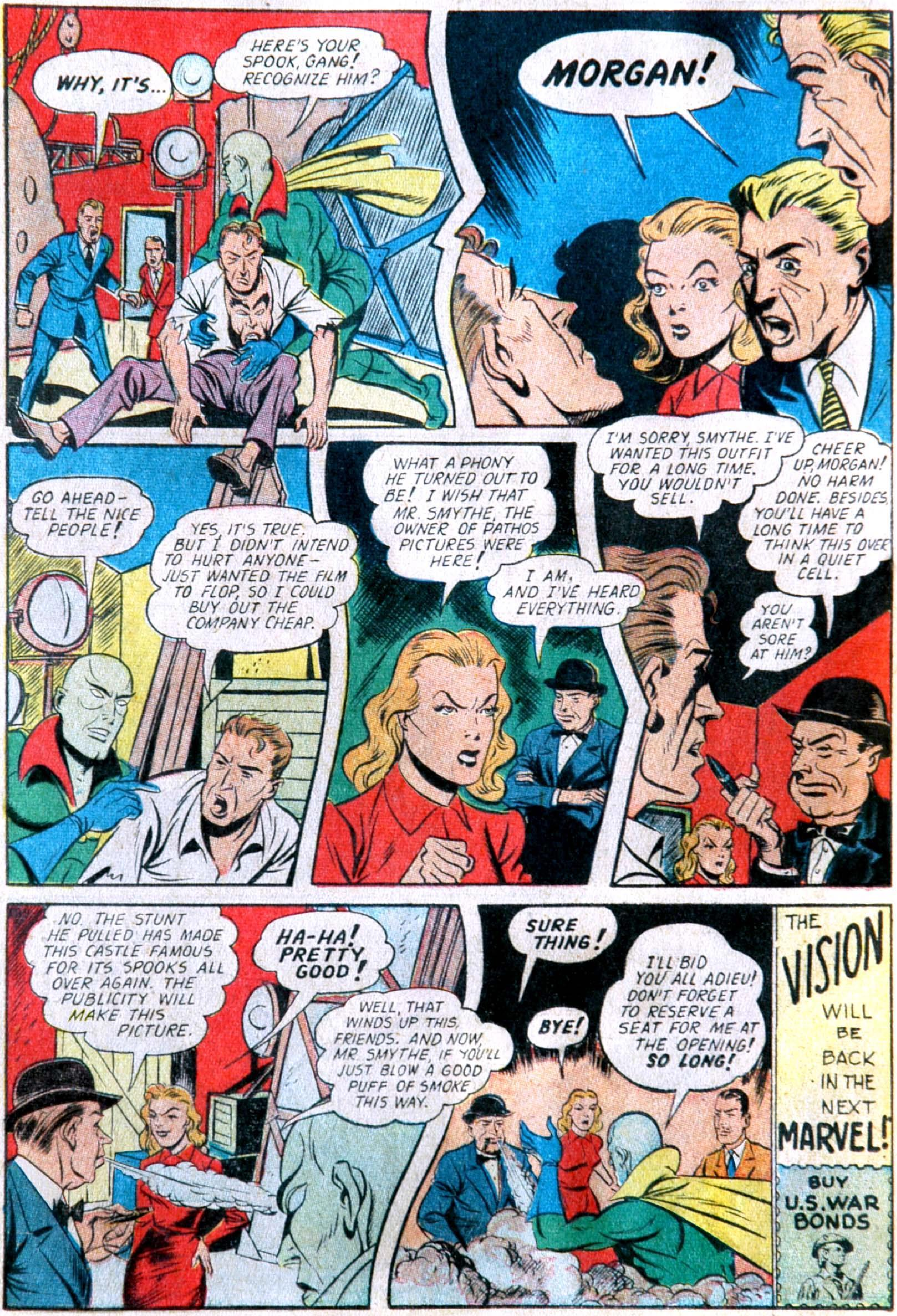

ON THE CASTLE SET, THE PRODUCER TALKS TO ONE OF THE DIRECTORS.
YES, SIR. EVERY PIECE IS AUTHENTIC. FOR YEARS THIS CASTLE WAS HAUNTED BY A MONSTER OF HORRIBLE COUNTENANCE, UNTIL THE INHABITANTS FLED IN TERROR! IT'S THE PERFECT BACKGROUND FOR OUR STORY!
FINE, I HOPE SO! GOOD LUCK!... WE'LL NEED IT! IF THIS FILM FLOPS, WE'RE FINISHED!
MEANWHILE, THE WORK CONTINUES AND THE SET IS NEARING COMPLETION.
B-R-R-R! I'LL BE GLAD TO FINISH THIS JOB! THE STONES ACTUALLY FEEL CLAMMY TO ME— AS IF THEY WERE ALIVE!
HA-HA! YOU OUGHTA BE OUT THERE WRITIN' THIS STUFF, INSTEAD OF...
R. 2121
INSTEAD OF **WHAT?** I DON'T MIND DOIN' AN HONEST JOB, BUT THIS STUFF...
GETS ON A MAN'S NERVES! DON'T YOU FEEL IT? ISN'T THERE A STRANGE...
I SAID, DON'T YOU...? NOW, WHERE DID HE GO TO? OH, WELL, I DON'T BLAME HIM. I'LL GET MYSELF SOME COFFEE IN A FEW MINUTES. I'M JUST ABOUT FINISHED HERE!
AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING WORKMAN STILL UNSOLVED, THE PRODUCER, MORGAN, STARTS THINGS ROLLING.
WE'RE ALL SET TO SHOOT, NOW, GATES— SO I'LL ASK YOU TO TAKE OVER. I'VE GOT TO GO INTO TOWN.
THANK YOU, MR. MORGAN. I'LL TRY TO OUTDO MYSELF.
AS GATES GETS READY TO FILM THE FIRST SCENE, HIS STAR SUDDENLY GOES TO PIECES.
LIGHTS! CAMERA! READY! HEY THERE— WHAT'S THE---
LOOK!
SHE GETS HER FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MONSTER OF NEGELY HALL!

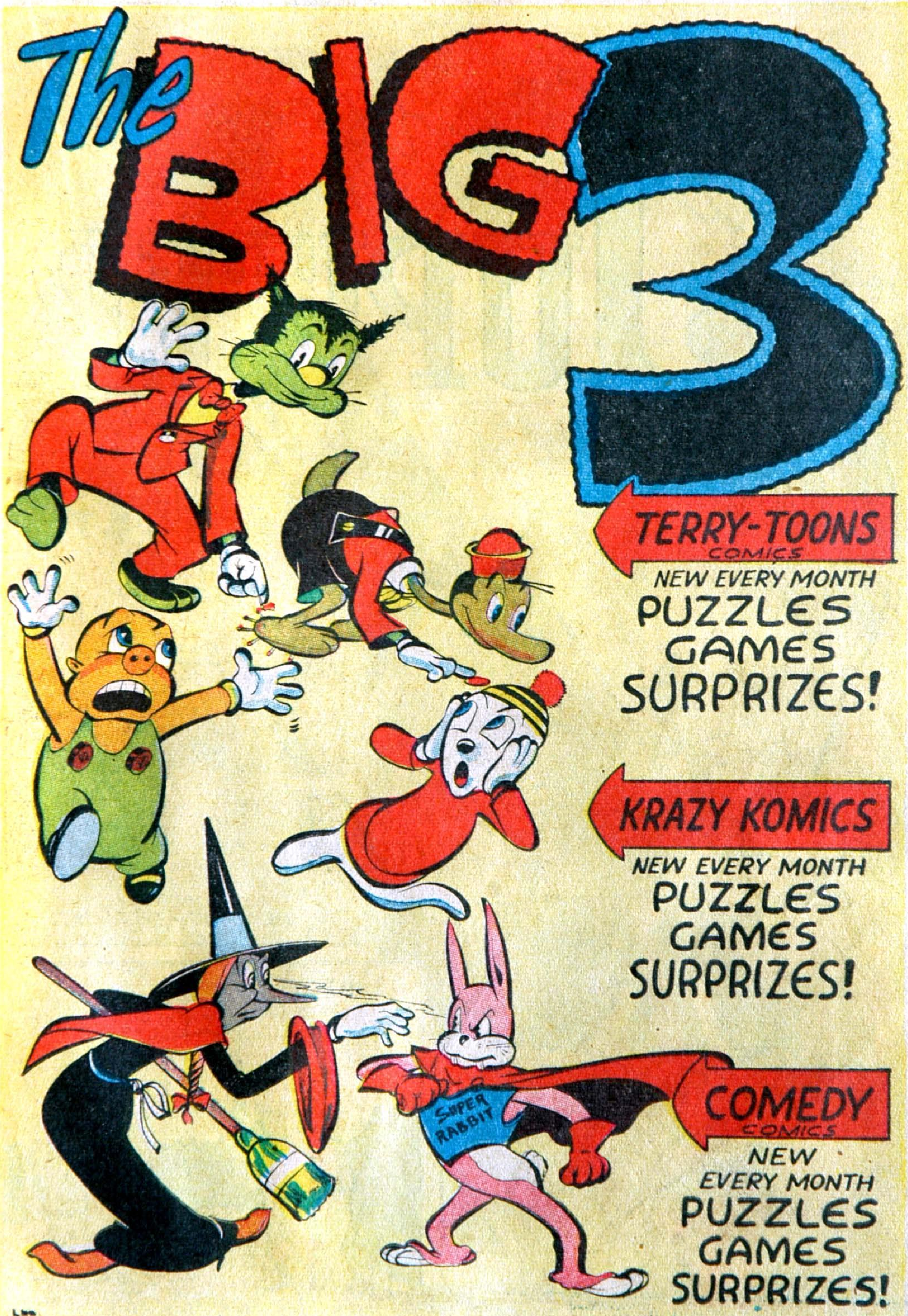

THE MONSTER! E-E-E-E-E!
WHAT?
BUT, AS THEY GROUP AROUND HER...
CLICK
THE LIGHTS GO OFF AND AN OMINOUS FEELING GRIPS EVERY PERSON ON THE SET.
THE LIGHTS!
GOOD LORD! I'M REALLY FRIGHTENED BILL!
WHERE'S THE TECHNICIAN? FIX THOSE LIGHTS!
YES, SIR!
IN A FEW MINUTES, THE LIGHTS ARE ON AGAIN-BUT...
SHE'S GONE!
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
DIRECTOR
FIRST ONE MAN DISAPPEARS- NOW... OOOPS!
SPU-U-TT!
THEN, FROM THE SMOKE, COMES THE ARCH FOE OF ALL EVIL— THE VISION!
UGGH!
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN TIME FOR THE PARTY!
THE VALIANT VISION IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AND THE ACTORS READILY EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED.
AND WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON, SHE WAS GONE! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW!
UP IN SMOKE, EH? SHE'S STEALING MY THUNDER. HM-M! WHAT'S THIS! SCRATCH MARKS FROM THE LADY'S HEELS!
WELL, LOOKS AS THOUGH WE WERE UP AGAINST THE PROVERBIAL STONE WALL!


THE ENTIRE CAST AND CREW DECIDE TO LEAVE.
WAIT! DON'T WALK OUT ON ME! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT OUR FRIEND, THE MONSTER, WANTS YOU TO DO! WHY DON'T YOU ACT LIKE MEN?
YEAH. SORRY, PAL.
HE'S RIGHT! WE'RE ALL IN THIS, DEEP!
I'VE SEEN THINGS LIKE THIS IN REAL CASTLES, AND THEY ALL HAVE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS. NO REASON WHY THIS ONE— UH-HUH! I GOT IT!
THIS IS HOT STUFF! A REBUILT CASTLE, COMPLETE WITH SECRET CORRIDORS! I DON'T GET IT!
DOWN TO THE LAST VIVID DETAILS! THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING! WELL, I HAVE TO FREE THEM.
THE MONSTER TAKES HIM BY SURPRISE.
UGH!
AGRRAH!
HIS ATTACK GIVES HIM THE ADVANTAGE OVER THE VISION.
HEY! THIS BLOKE IS PLAYING FOR KEEPS!
GRRRAH!
WHAM!
THE VISION BREAKS THE STRANGLE-HOLD.
BUT I CAN PLAY, TOO!
NOW WE'LL GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!


BUT, AS THE VISION HITS... A LARGE BLOCK OF GRANITE DROPS FROM THE CEILING.
NGGGR!
UHHHH
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
OW! MY HEAD! PHEW! OUR FRIEND CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND.
THANKS LOADS, MISTER. I SURE THOUGHT MY NUMBER HAD BEEN PICKED OUT THAT TIME!
OKAY, PAL. YOU'RE A FREE MAN.
WATER-WATER!
I'M GOING TO WASH MY HANDS OF THIS WHOLE AFFAIR. OF ALL THE SILLY—
SPEAKING OF WASHING HANDS, MINE FEEL AS THOUGH I'D BEEN HANDLING GLUE... STICKY!
WELCOME FROM THE DARK DEPTHS, DAME.
DROWN THE DRAMA, DUDE! I'M REALLY GLAD TO BE BACK!
A SMOKE WILL STEADY YOUR—HEY! WHAT THE-!
S'LONG, GANG. THERE'S STILL A CLUE THAT I'M STUCK WITH! SEE YOU LATER!
ONE SECOND LATER, OUTSIDE...
NOTHING LIKE FRESH AIR! AH-THERE HE IS!
HUH!
GNAHHN!
ALL THAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN, FRIEND—BUT HARDER!

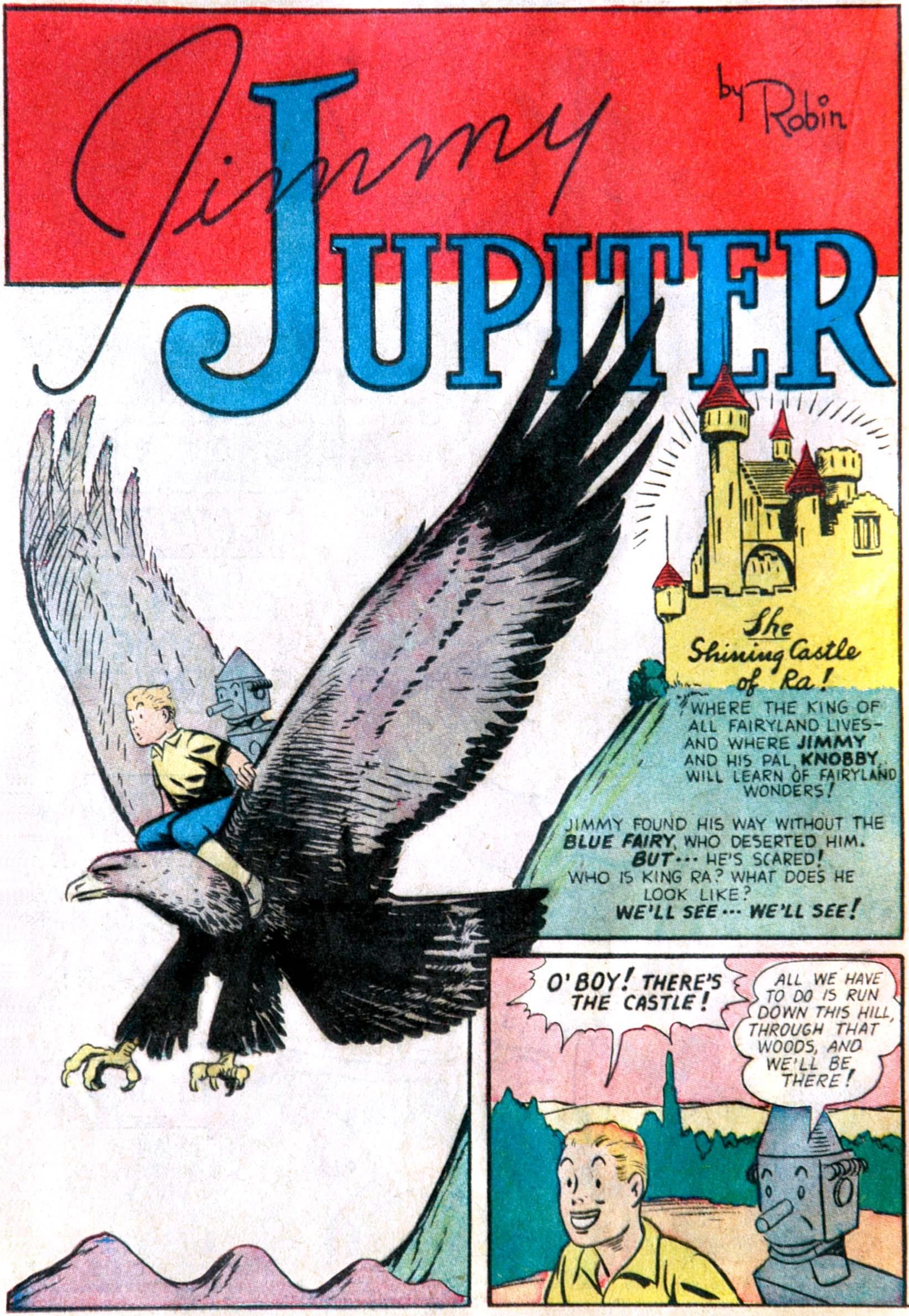

BUT THE MONSTER HAS SOME IDEAS OF HIS OWN.
UH-OH! THIS LOOKS LIKE...
UNNH
THIS ROCK-DROPPING IS GETTING MONOTONOUS. MONSTERS ARE USUALLY NOT VERY CLEVER! ANYWAY-BACK TO WORK!
DEAD END, BUDDY. WE'D BETTER JUST TALK THIS THING OVER.
NNNG!
STOP! OR I'LL HAVE TO...
...STOP YOU!
UHH!
NOW HOW ABOUT IT, MISTER? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I HAVEN'T MUCH PATIENCE AND —IT'S A LONG DROP!
NO! DON'T LET ME GO! I'LL TALK-I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

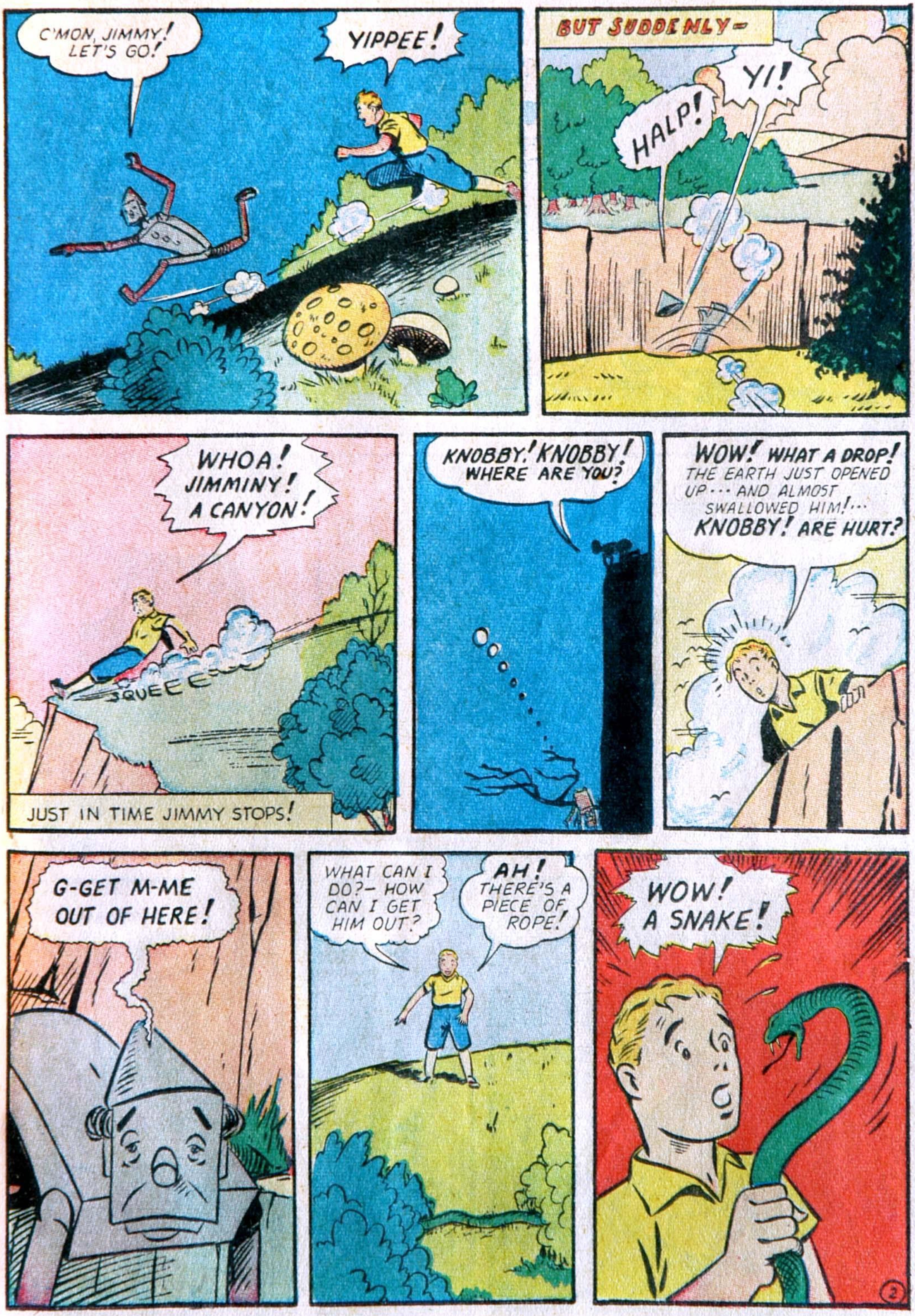

WHY, IT'S...
HERE'S YOUR SPOOK, GANG! RECOGNIZE HIM?
MORGAN!
GO AHEAD-TELL THE NICE PEOPLE!
YES, IT'S TRUE. BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO HURT ANYONE-JUST WANTED THE FILM TO FLOP, SO I COULD BUY OUT THE COMPANY CHEAP.
WHAT A PHONY HE TURNED OUT TO BE! I WISH THAT MR. SMYTHE, THE OWNER OF PATHOS PICTURES WERE HERE!
I AM, AND I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING.
I'M SORRY, SMYTHE. I'VE WANTED THIS OUTFIT FOR A LONG TIME. YOU WOULDN'T SELL.
CHEER UP, MORGAN! NO HARM DONE. BESIDES, YOU'LL HAVE A LONG TIME TO THINK THIS OVER IN A QUIET CELL.
YOU AREN'T SORE AT HIM?
NO. THE STUNT HE PULLED HAS MADE THIS CASTLE FAMOUS FOR ITS SPOOKS ALL OVER AGAIN. THE PUBLICITY WILL MAKE THIS PICTURE.
HA-HA! PRETTY GOOD!
WELL, THAT WINDS UP THIS, FRIENDS. AND NOW, MR SMYTHE, IF YOU'LL JUST BLOW A GOOD PUFF OF SMOKE THIS WAY.
SURE THING!
BYE!
I'LL BID YOU ALL ADIEU! DON'T FORGET TO RESERVE A SEAT FOR ME AT THE OPENING! SO LONG!
THE VISION WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!
BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

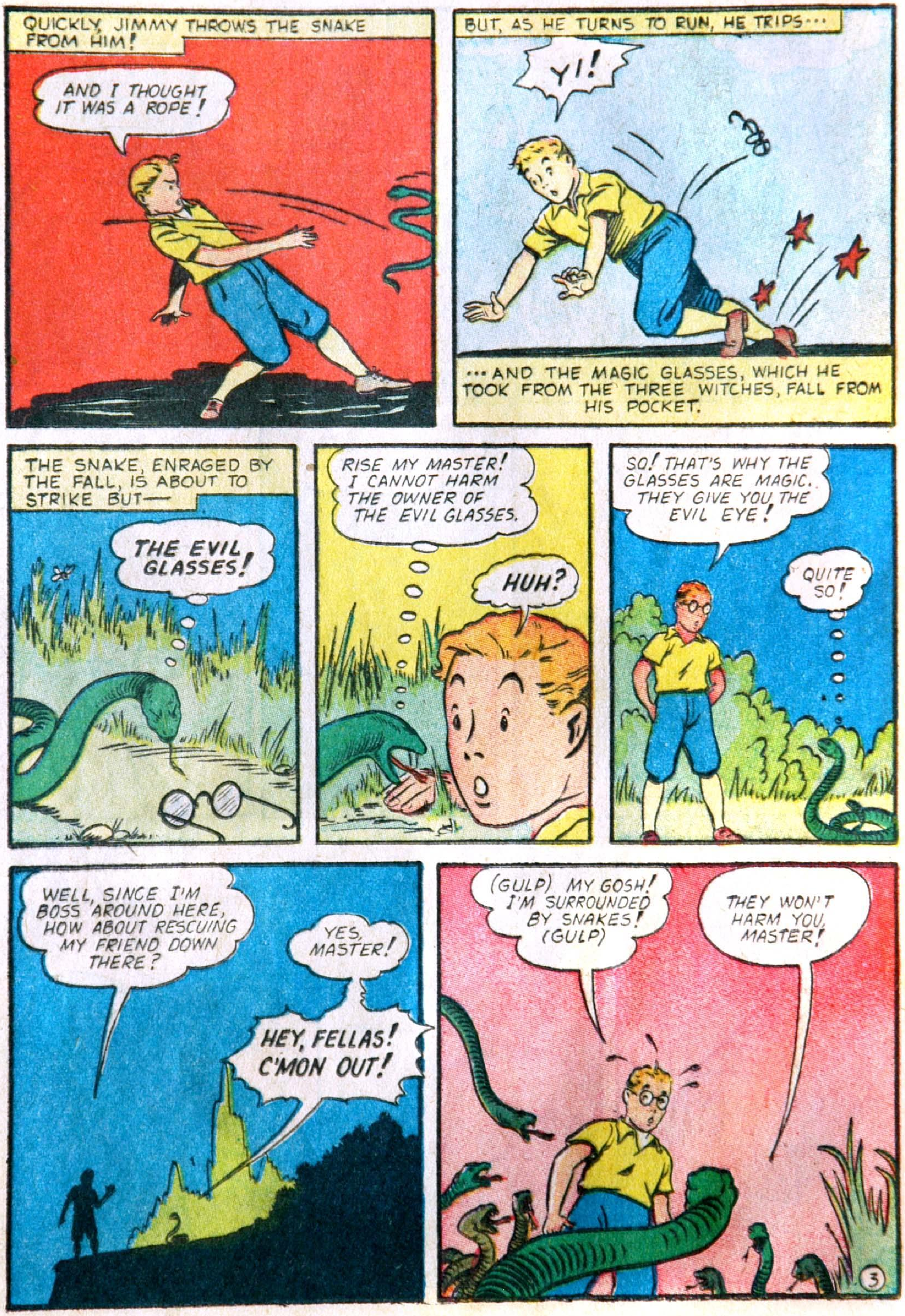

The BIG 3
TERRY-TOONS COMICS
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!
KRAZY KOMICS
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!
SUPER RABBIT
COMEDY COMICS
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!
LHD

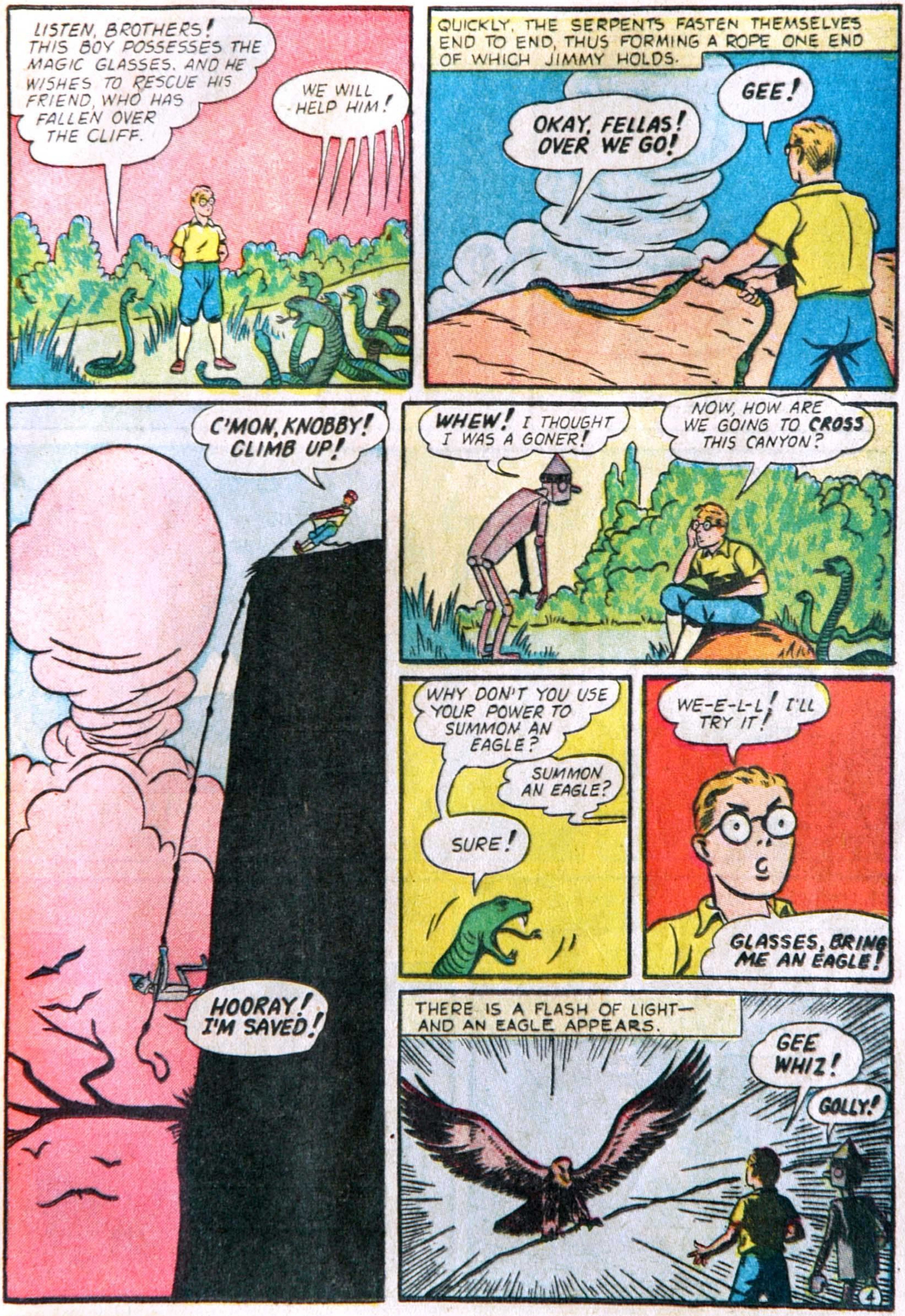
Jimmy JUPITER

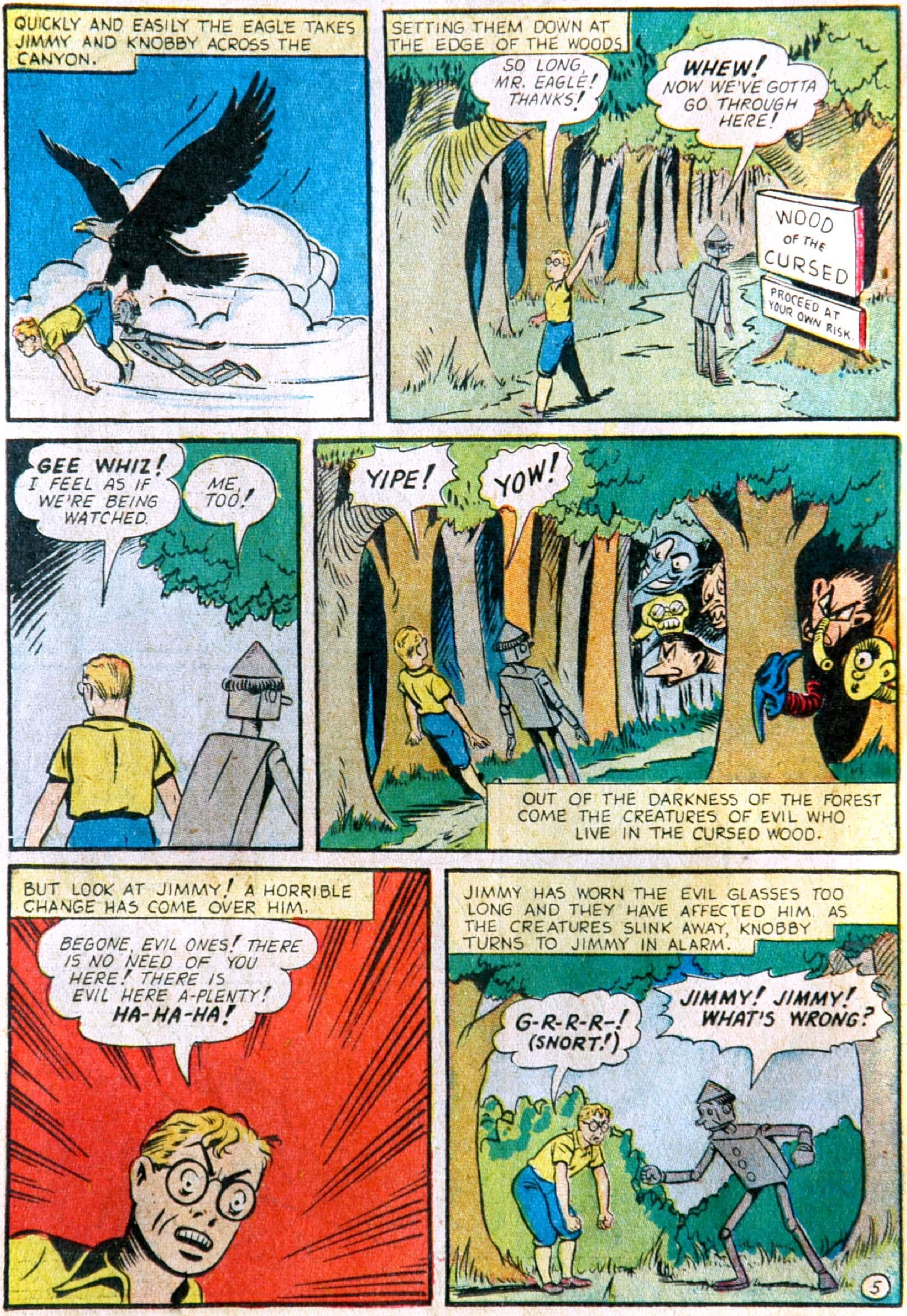
by Robin


The Shining Castle of Ra!
WHERE THE KING OF ALL FAIRYLAND LIVES— AND WHERE JIMMY AND HIS PAL KNOBBY, WILL LEARN OF FAIRYLAND WONDERS!
JIMMY FOUND HIS WAY WITHOUT THE BLUE FAIRY, WHO DESERTED HIM. BUT··· HE'S SCARED! WHO IS KING RA? WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? WE'LL SEE··· WE'LL SEE!
O'BOY! THERE'S THE CASTLE!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS RUN DOWN THIS HILL, THROUGH THAT WOODS, AND WE'LL BE THERE!


C'MON, JIMMY! LET'S GO!
YIPPEE!
BUT SUDDENLY—
YI!
HALP!
WHOA! JIMMINY! A CANYON!
SQUEEEE
JUST IN TIME JIMMY STOPS!
KNOBBY! KNOBBY! WHERE ARE YOU?
WOW! WHAT A DROP! THE EARTH JUST OPENED UP... AND ALMOST SWALLOWED HIM!... KNOBBY! ARE HURT?
G-GET M-ME OUT OF HERE!
WHAT CAN I DO?— HOW CAN I GET HIM OUT?
AH! THERE'S A PIECE OF ROPE!
WOW! A SNAKE!
2


QUICKLY, JIMMY THROWS THE SNAKE FROM HIM!
AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A ROPE!
BUT, AS HE TURNS TO RUN, HE TRIPS...
YI!
...AND THE MAGIC GLASSES, WHICH HE TOOK FROM THE THREE WITCHES, FALL FROM HIS POCKET.
THE SNAKE, ENRAGED BY THE FALL, IS ABOUT TO STRIKE BUT—
THE EVIL GLASSES!
RISE MY MASTER! I CANNOT HARM THE OWNER OF THE EVIL GLASSES.
HUH?
SO! THAT'S WHY THE GLASSES ARE MAGIC. THEY GIVE YOU THE EVIL EYE!
QUITE SO!
WELL, SINCE I'M BOSS AROUND HERE, HOW ABOUT RESCUING MY FRIEND DOWN THERE?
YES, MASTER!
HEY, FELLAS! C'MON OUT!
(GULP) MY GOSH! I'M SURROUNDED BY SNAKES! (GULP)
THEY WON'T HARM YOU, MASTER!


LISTEN, BROTHERS! THIS BOY POSSESSES THE MAGIC GLASSES, AND HE WISHES TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND, WHO HAS FALLEN OVER THE CLIFF.
WE WILL HELP HIM!
QUICKLY, THE SERPENTS FASTEN THEMSELVES END TO END, THUS FORMING A ROPE ONE END OF WHICH JIMMY HOLDS.
GEE!
OKAY, FELLAS! OVER WE GO!
C'MON, KNOBBY! CLIMB UP!
HOORAY! I'M SAVED!
WHEW! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!
NOW, HOW ARE WE GOING TO CROSS THIS CANYON?
WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR POWER TO SUMMON AN EAGLE?
SUMMON AN EAGLE?
SURE!
WE-E-L-L! I'LL TRY IT!
GLASSES, BRING ME AN EAGLE!
THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHT— AND AN EAGLE APPEARS.
GEE WHIZ!
GOLLY!



QUICKLY AND EASILY THE EAGLE TAKES JIMMY AND KNOBBY ACROSS THE CANYON.

SETTING THEM DOWN AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

SO LONG, MR. EAGLE! THANKS!
WHEW! NOW WE'VE GOTTA GO THROUGH HERE!
WOOD OF THE CURSED
PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK.
GEE WHIZ! I FEEL AS IF WE'RE BEING WATCHED.
ME, TOO!
YIPE!
YOW!

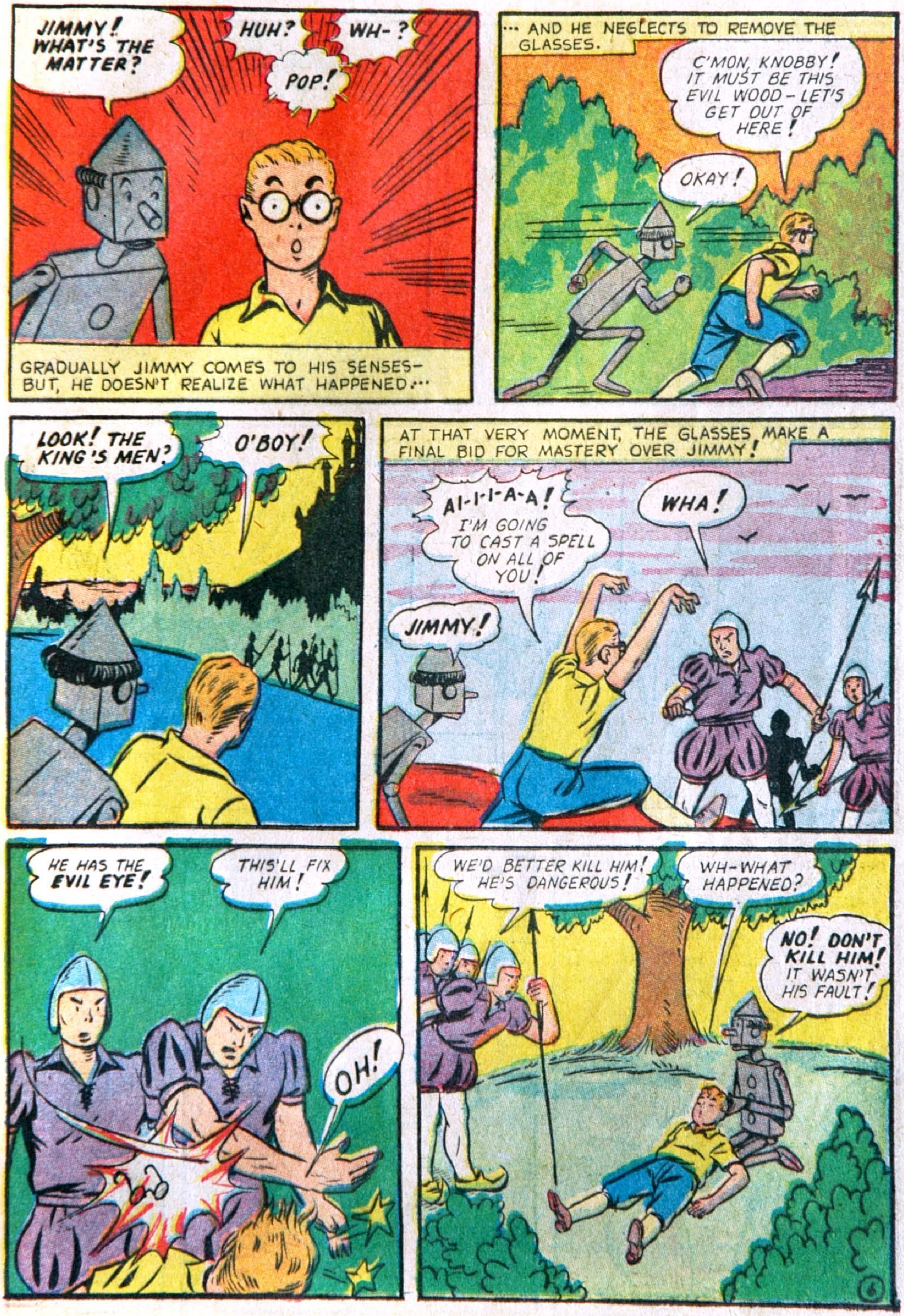
OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THE FOREST COME THE CREATURES OF EVIL WHO LIVE IN THE CURSED WOOD.

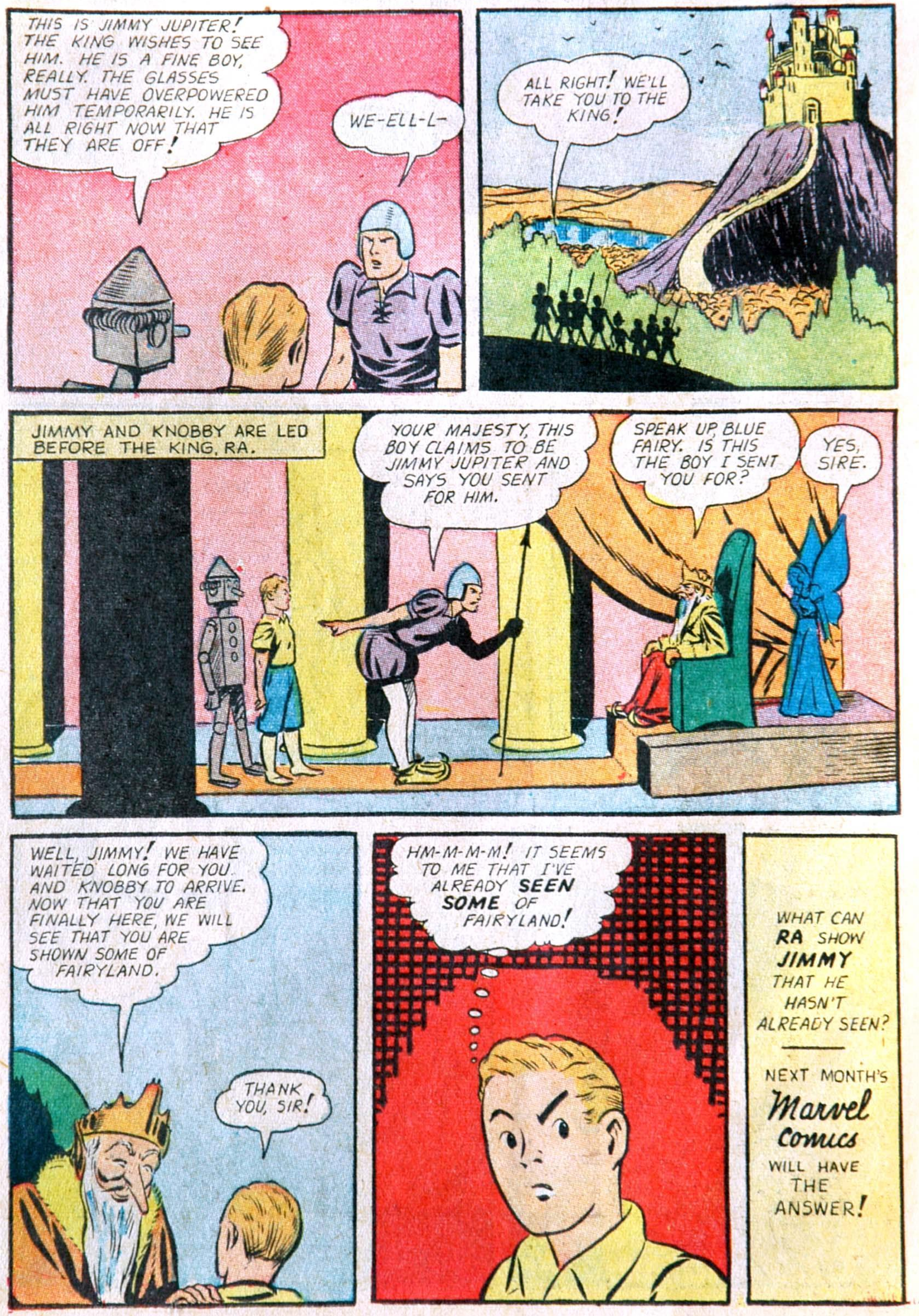
BUT LOOK AT JIMMY! A HORRIBLE CHANGE HAS COME OVER HIM.

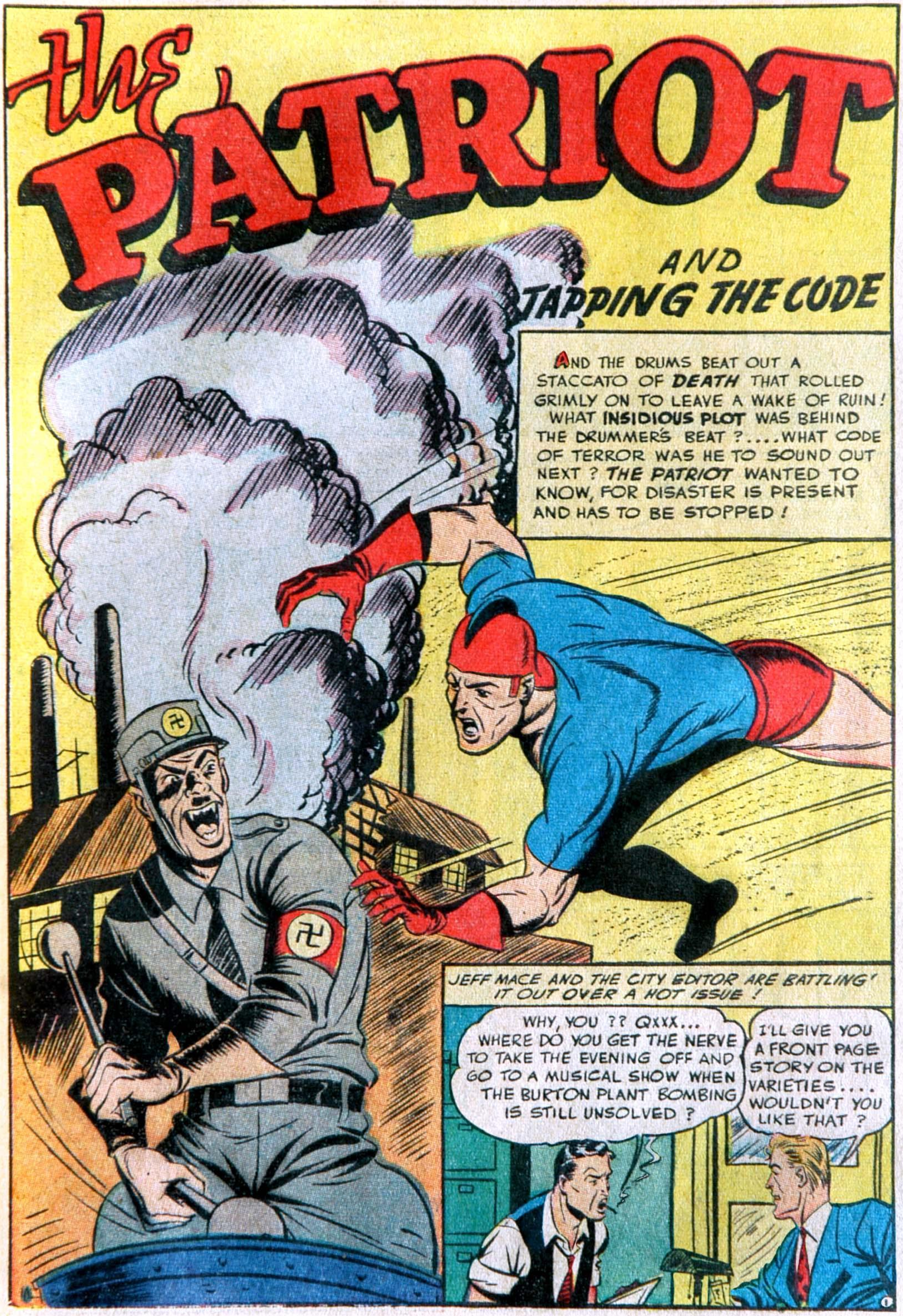
BEGONE, EVIL ONES! THERE IS NO NEED OF YOU HERE! THERE IS EVIL HERE A-PLENTY! HA-HA-HA!

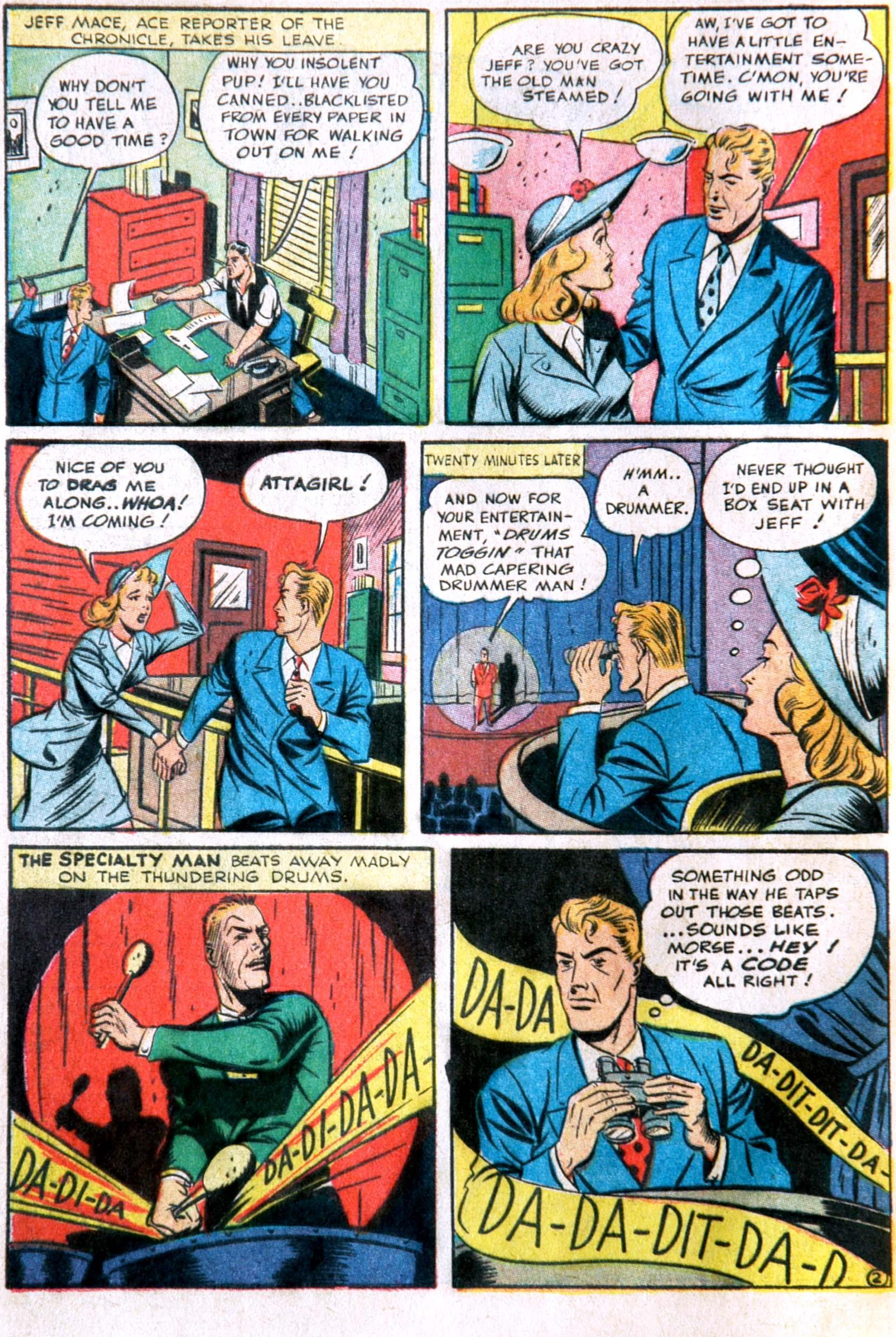
JIMMY HAS WORN THE EVIL GLASSES TOO LONG AND THEY HAVE AFFECTED HIM. AS THE CREATURES SLINK AWAY, KNOBBY TURNS TO JIMMY IN ALARM.

G-R-R-R-! (SNORT!)
JIMMY! JIMMY! WHAT'S WRONG?

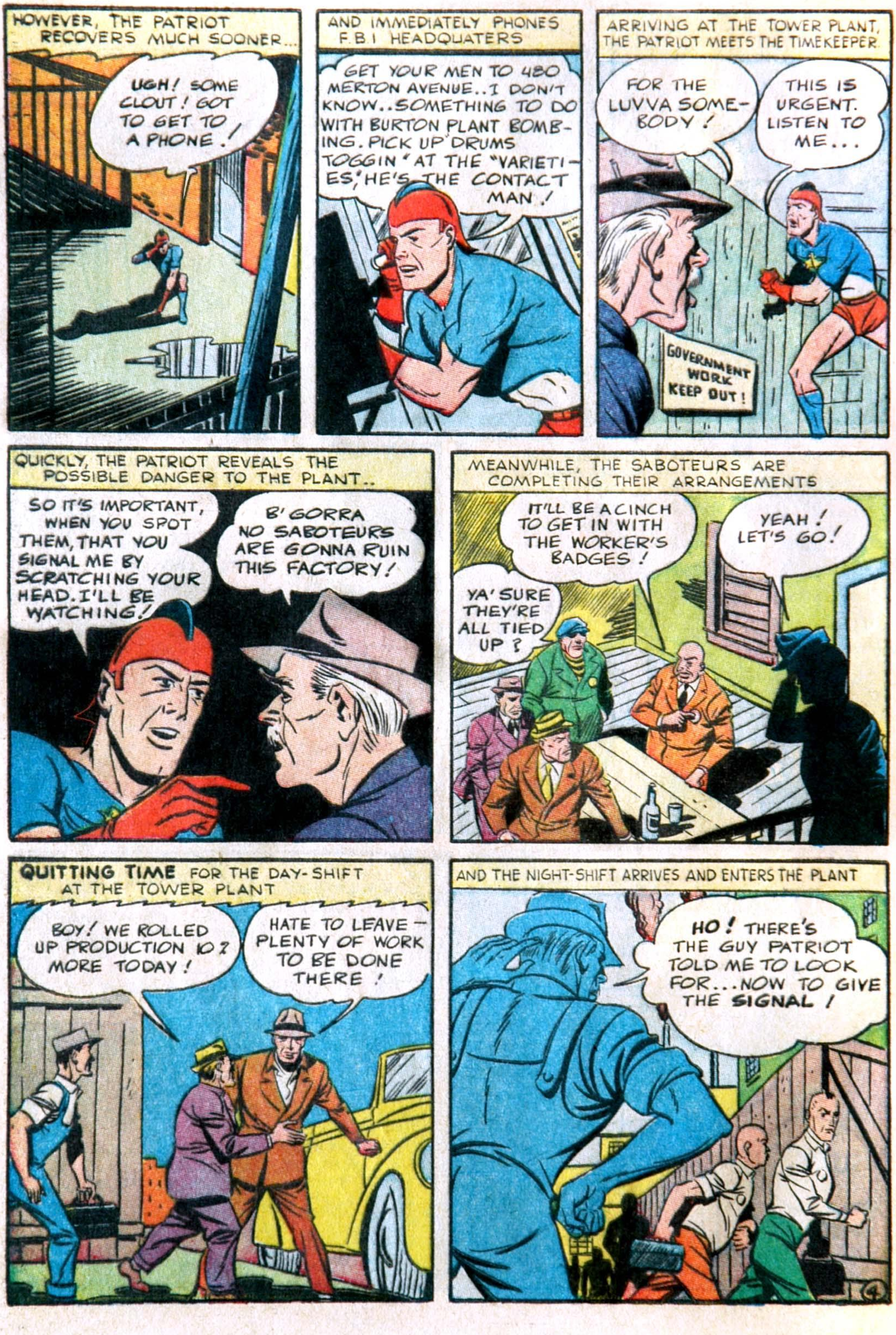

JIMMY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
HUH? WH-?
POP!
GRADUALLY JIMMY COMES TO HIS SENSES- BUT, HE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED...
... AND HE NEGLECTS TO REMOVE THE GLASSES.
C'MON, KNOBBY! IT MUST BE THIS EVIL WOOD - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OKAY!
LOOK! THE KING'S MEN!
O'BOY!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE GLASSES MAKE A FINAL BID FOR MASTERY OVER JIMMY!
AI-I-I-A-A! I'M GOING TO CAST A SPELL ON ALL OF YOU!
WHA!
JIMMY!
HE HAS THE **EVIL EYE**!
THIS'LL FIX HIM!
OH!
WE'D BETTER KILL HIM! HE'S DANGEROUS!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
NO! DON'T KILL HIM! IT WASN'T HIS FAULT!

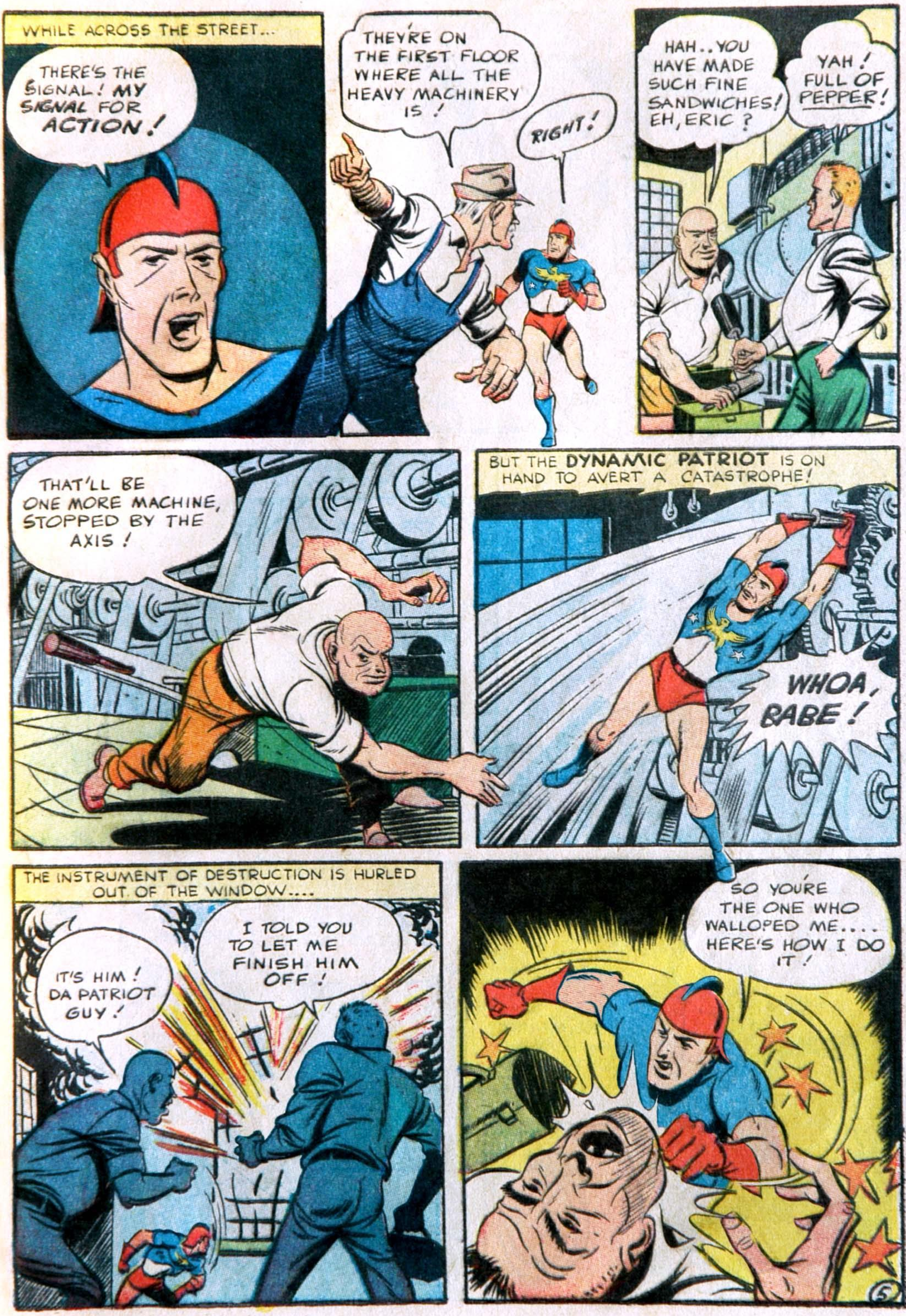

THIS IS JIMMY JUPITER! THE KING WISHES TO SEE HIM. HE IS A FINE BOY, REALLY. THE GLASSES MUST HAVE OVERPOWERED HIM TEMPORARILY. HE IS ALL RIGHT NOW THAT THEY ARE OFF!
WE-ELL-L-
ALL RIGHT! WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE KING!
JIMMY AND KNOBBY ARE LED BEFORE THE KING, RA.
YOUR MAJESTY, THIS BOY CLAIMS TO BE JIMMY JUPITER AND SAYS YOU SENT FOR HIM.
SPEAK UP, BLUE FAIRY. IS THIS THE BOY I SENT YOU FOR?
YES, SIRE.
WELL, JIMMY! WE HAVE WAITED LONG FOR YOU AND KNOBBY TO ARRIVE. NOW THAT YOU ARE FINALLY HERE, WE WILL SEE THAT YOU ARE SHOWN SOME OF FAIRYLAND.
THANK YOU, SIR!
HM-M-M-M! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT I'VE ALREADY SEEN SOME OF FAIRYLAND!
WHAT CAN RA SHOW JIMMY THAT HE HASN'T ALREADY SEEN?
NEXT MONTH'S Marvel Comics WILL HAVE THE ANSWER!

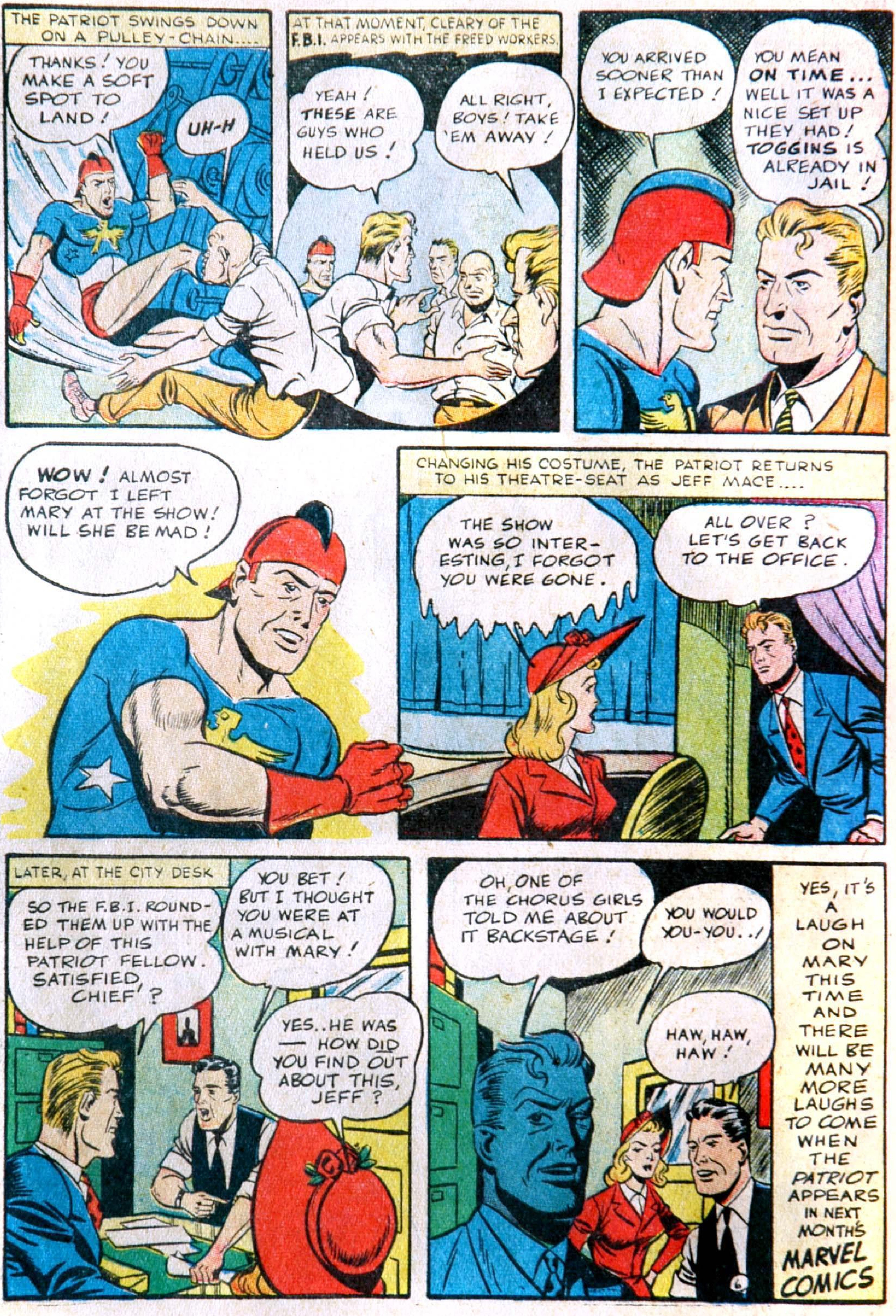

the PATRIOT
AND TAPPING THE CODE
AND THE DRUMS BEAT OUT A STACCATO OF DEATH THAT ROLLED GRIMLY ON TO LEAVE A WAKE OF RUIN! WHAT INSIDIOUS PLOT WAS BEHIND THE DRUMMER'S BEAT?....WHAT CODE OF TERROR WAS HE TO SOUND OUT NEXT? THE PATRIOT WANTED TO KNOW, FOR DISASTER IS PRESENT AND HAS TO BE STOPPED!
JEFF MACE AND THE CITY EDITOR ARE BATTLING IT OUT OVER A HOT ISSUE!
WHY, YOU ?? QXXX... WHERE DO YOU GET THE NERVE TO TAKE THE EVENING OFF AND GO TO A MUSICAL SHOW WHEN THE BURTON PLANT BOMBING IS STILL UNSOLVED?
I'LL GIVE YOU A FRONT PAGE STORY ON THE VARIETIES.... WOULDN'T YOU LIKE THAT?
1


JEFF MACE, ACE REPORTER OF THE CHRONICLE, TAKES HIS LEAVE
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME TO HAVE A GOOD TIME?
WHY YOU INSOLENT PUP! I'LL HAVE YOU CANNED..BLACKLISTED FROM EVERY PAPER IN TOWN FOR WALKING OUT ON ME!
ARE YOU CRAZY JEFF? YOU'VE GOT THE OLD MAN STEAMED!
AW, I'VE GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT SOMETIME. C'MON, YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!
NICE OF YOU TO DRAG ME ALONG..WHOA! I'M COMING!
ATTAGIRL!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER
AND NOW FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT, "DRUMS TOGGIN" THAT MAD CAPERING DRUMMER MAN!
H'MM.. A DRUMMER.
NEVER THOUGHT I'D END UP IN A BOX SEAT WITH JEFF!
THE SPECIALTY MAN BEATS AWAY MADLY ON THE THUNDERING DRUMS.
DA-DI-DA
DA-DI-DA-DA-
SOMETHING ODD IN THE WAY HE TAPS OUT THOSE BEATS. ...SOUNDS LIKE MORSE... HEY! IT'S A CODE ALL RIGHT!
DA-DA
DA-DIT-DIT-DIT-DA-
DA-DA-DIT-DA-D

JEFF MACE SCANS THE AUDIENCE FOR THE RECIPIENT OF THE MESSAGE...
AH!.. LET'S SEE IF I CAN MAKE ANYTHING OUT FROM HERE.
THROUGH THE GLASSES JEFF SEES....
kidnapped workers held at 480 Merton Ave. Take badges: enter Tower Plant with night shift at 6:30 P.M.
TOWER PLANT, EH,? UH.. HE'S LEAVING.. MUST GET HIM...
SCUSE ME MARY. I'VE GOT A PHONE CALL TO MAKE!
UH? OH SURE JEFF!
OUTSIDE...
WELL I PROMISED THE CHIEF A FRONT PAGE STORY AND HE'LL GET IT! GUESS THAT VARIETIES PROGRAM I FOUND AT THE BOMBING WAS A GOOD LEAD!
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
UNEXPECTEDLY....
SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR PLANS, MR. PATRIOT!
KLUNK
UGH!
CAUGHT HIM LAYING FOR YOU, I'LL FINISH HIM OFF!
NO ERIC! NO SHOOTING! LEAVE HIM HERE...HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING AND WE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN WHEN HE COMES TO. HA-HA WHAT A LAUGH ON THE PATRIOT!
3

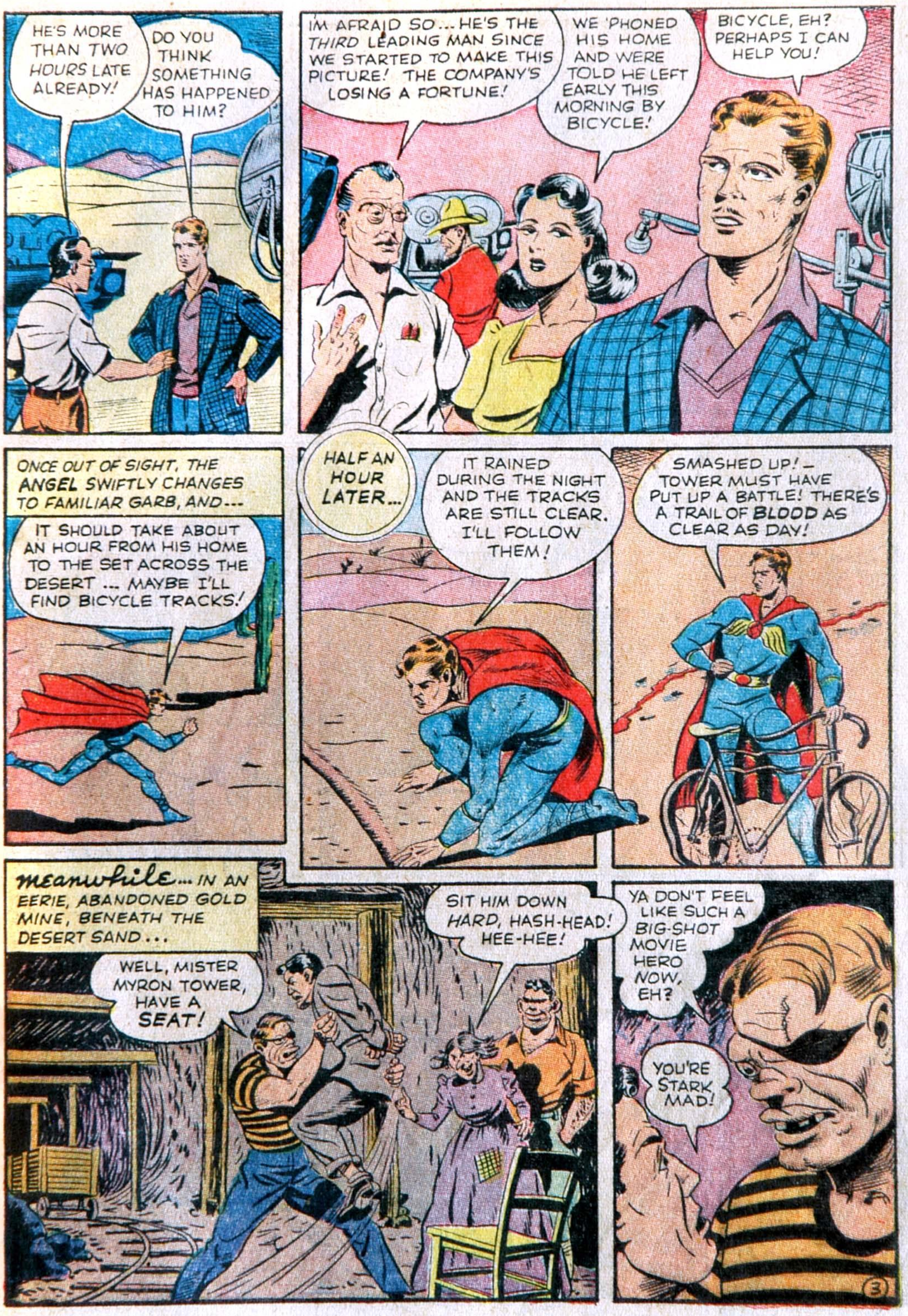

HOWEVER, THE PATRIOT RECOVERS MUCH SOONER...
UGH! SOME CLOUT! GOT TO GET TO A PHONE!
AND IMMEDIATELY PHONES F.B.I HEADQUATERS
GET YOUR MEN TO 480 MERTON AVENUE..I DON'T KNOW..SOMETHING TO DO WITH BURTON PLANT BOMBING. PICK UP "DRUMS TOGGIN" AT THE "VARIETIES," HE'S THE CONTACT MAN!
ARRIVING AT THE TOWER PLANT, THE PATRIOT MEETS THE TIMEKEEPER.
FOR THE LUVVA SOMEBODY!
THIS IS URGENT. LISTEN TO ME...
GOVERNMENT WORK KEEP OUT!
QUICKLY, THE PATRIOT REVEALS THE POSSIBLE DANGER TO THE PLANT..
SO IT'S IMPORTANT, WHEN YOU SPOT THEM, THAT YOU SIGNAL ME BY SCRATCHING YOUR HEAD. I'LL BE WATCHING!
B' GORRA NO SABOTEURS ARE GONNA RUIN THIS FACTORY!
MEANWHILE, THE SABOTEURS ARE COMPLETING THEIR ARRANGEMENTS
IT'LL BE A CINCH TO GET IN WITH THE WORKER'S BADGES!
YEAH! LET'S GO!
YA' SURE THEY'RE ALL TIED UP?
QUITTING TIME FOR THE DAY-SHIFT AT THE TOWER PLANT
BOY! WE ROLLED UP PRODUCTION 10% MORE TODAY!
HATE TO LEAVE—PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE THERE!
AND THE NIGHT-SHIFT ARRIVES AND ENTERS THE PLANT
HO! THERE'S THE GUY PATRIOT TOLD ME TO LOOK FOR...NOW TO GIVE THE SIGNAL!
4

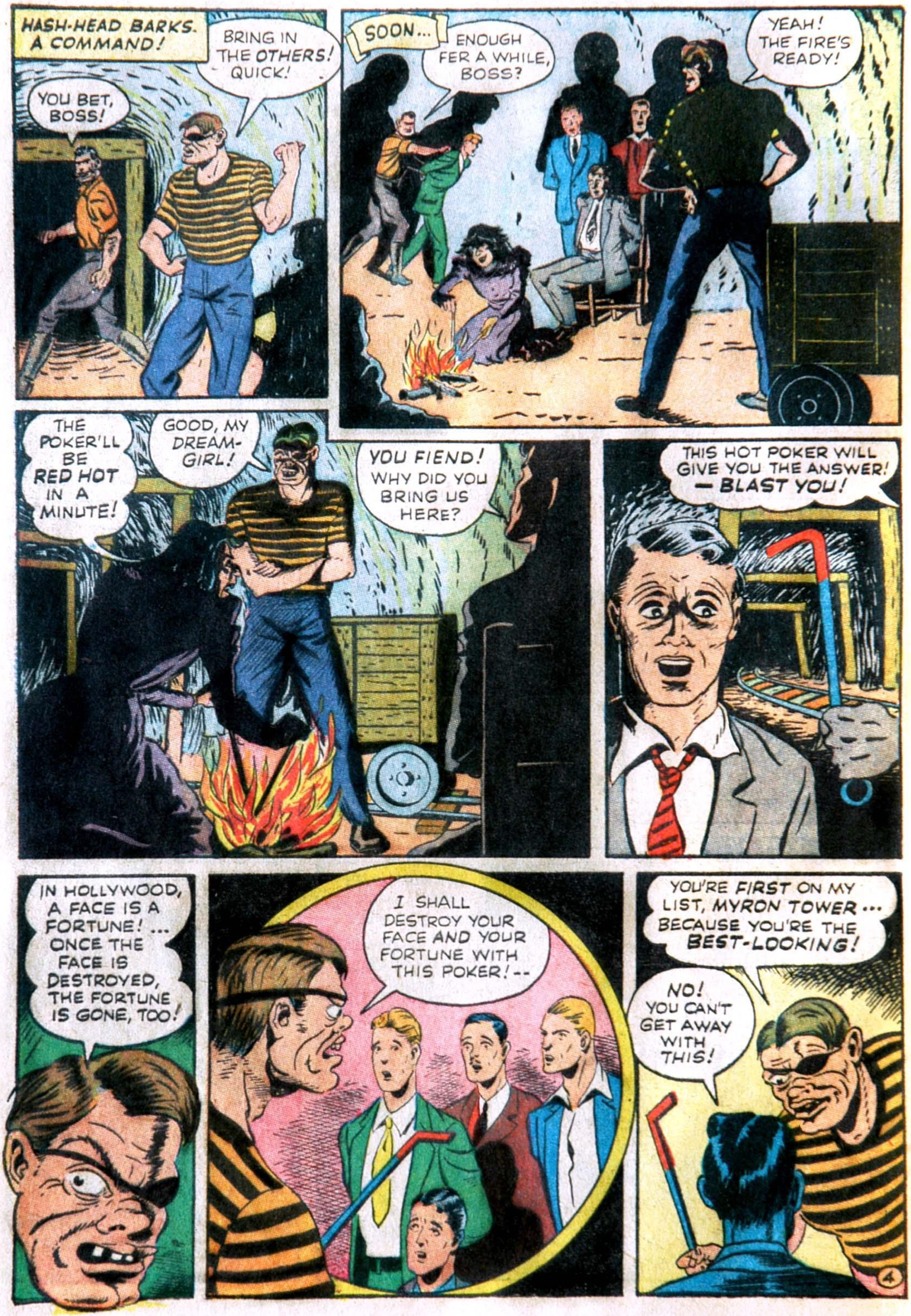

WHILE ACROSS THE STREET...
THERE'S THE SIGNAL! MY SIGNAL FOR ACTION!
THEY'RE ON THE FIRST FLOOR WHERE ALL THE HEAVY MACHINERY IS!
RIGHT!
HAH.. YOU HAVE MADE SUCH FINE SANDWICHES! EH, ERIC?
YAH! FULL OF PEPPER!
THAT'LL BE ONE MORE MACHINE, STOPPED BY THE AXIS!
BUT THE DYNAMIC PATRIOT IS ON HAND TO AVERT A CATASTROPHE!
WHOA, BABE!
THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION IS HURLED OUT OF THE WINDOW....
IT'S HIM! DA PATRIOT GUY!
I TOLD YOU TO LET ME FINISH HIM OFF!
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WALLOPED ME.... HERE'S HOW I DO IT!
5

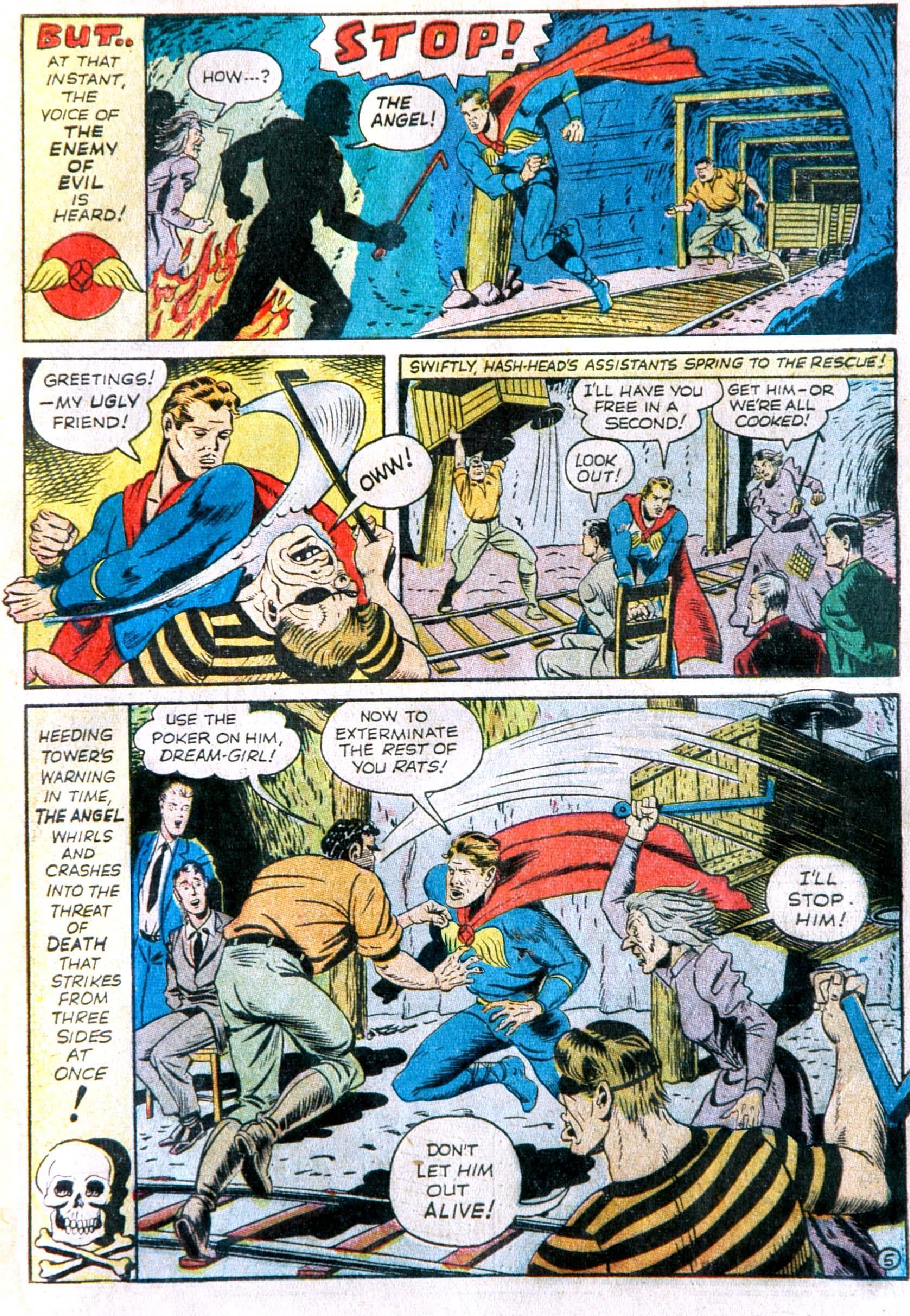

THE PATRIOT SWINGS DOWN ON A PULLEY-CHAIN....
THANKS! YOU MAKE A SOFT SPOT TO LAND!
UH-H
AT THAT MOMENT, CLEARY OF THE F.B.I. APPEARS WITH THE FREED WORKERS.
YEAH! THESE ARE GUYS WHO HELD US!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! TAKE 'EM AWAY!
YOU ARRIVED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!
YOU MEAN ON TIME... WELL IT WAS A NICE SET UP THEY HAD! TOGGINS IS ALREADY IN JAIL!
WOW! ALMOST FORGOT I LEFT MARY AT THE SHOW! WILL SHE BE MAD!
CHANGING HIS COSTUME, THE PATRIOT RETURNS TO HIS THEATRE-SEAT AS JEFF MACE....
THE SHOW WAS SO INTERESTING, I FORGOT YOU WERE GONE.
ALL OVER? LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE.
LATER, AT THE CITY DESK
SO THE F.B.I. ROUNDED THEM UP WITH THE HELP OF THIS PATRIOT FELLOW. SATISFIED, CHIEF?
YOU BET! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT A MUSICAL WITH MARY!
YES..HE WAS — HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THIS, JEFF?
OH, ONE OF THE CHORUS GIRLS TOLD ME ABOUT IT BACKSTAGE!
YOU WOULD YOU-YOU..!
HAW, HAW, HAW!
YES, IT'S A LAUGH ON MARY THIS TIME AND THERE WILL BE MANY MORE LAUGHS TO COME WHEN THE PATRIOT APPEARS IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS

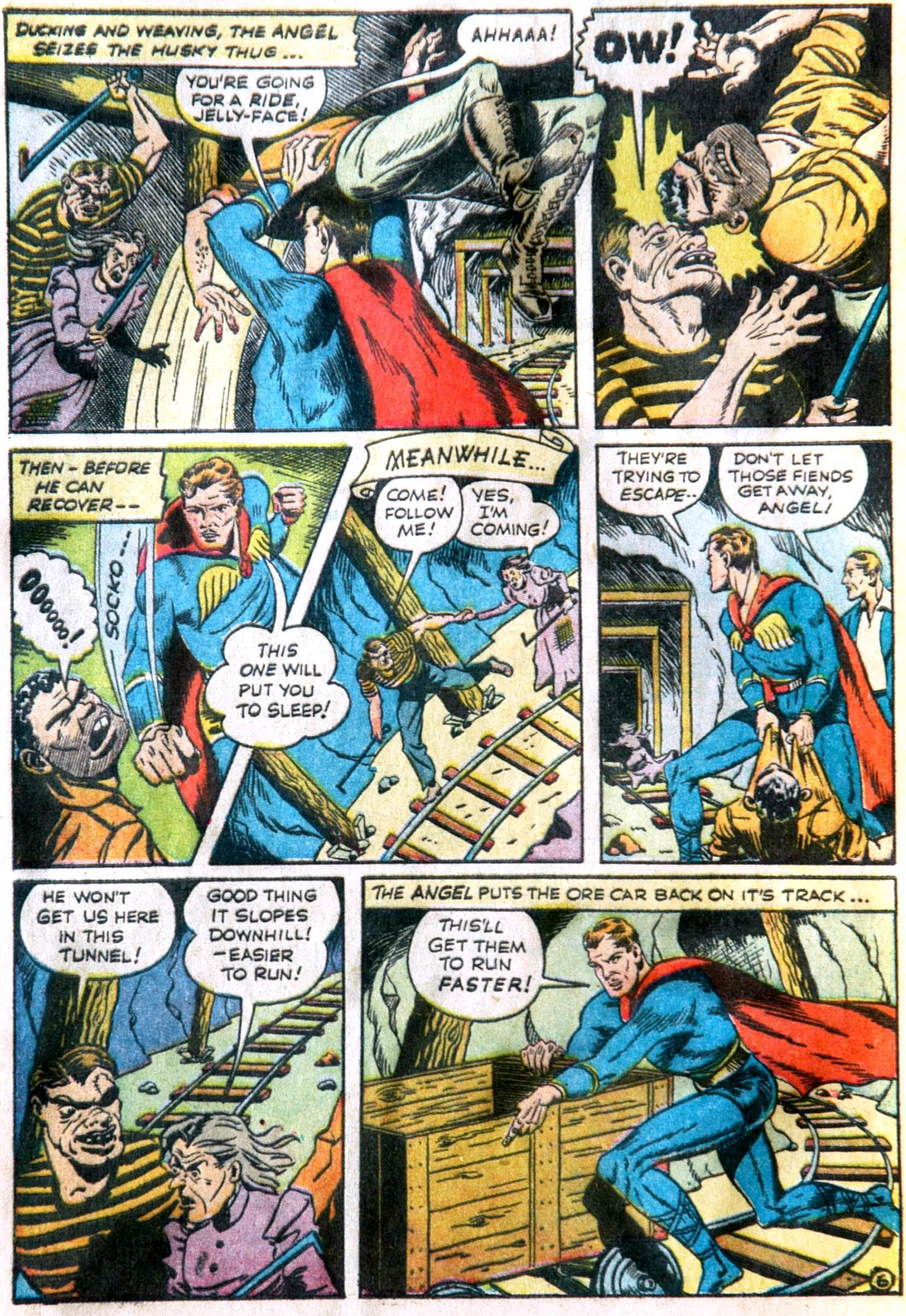
The ANGEL
THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING STARS!
WHEN SOME OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS STARS DISAPPEARED -- THE MIGHTY ANGEL LITTLE REALIZED THAT AN INGENIOUS MADMAN PLAYED THE LEADING PART IN LIFE'S GREATEST DRAMA: -- DEATH!
SCHROTTER

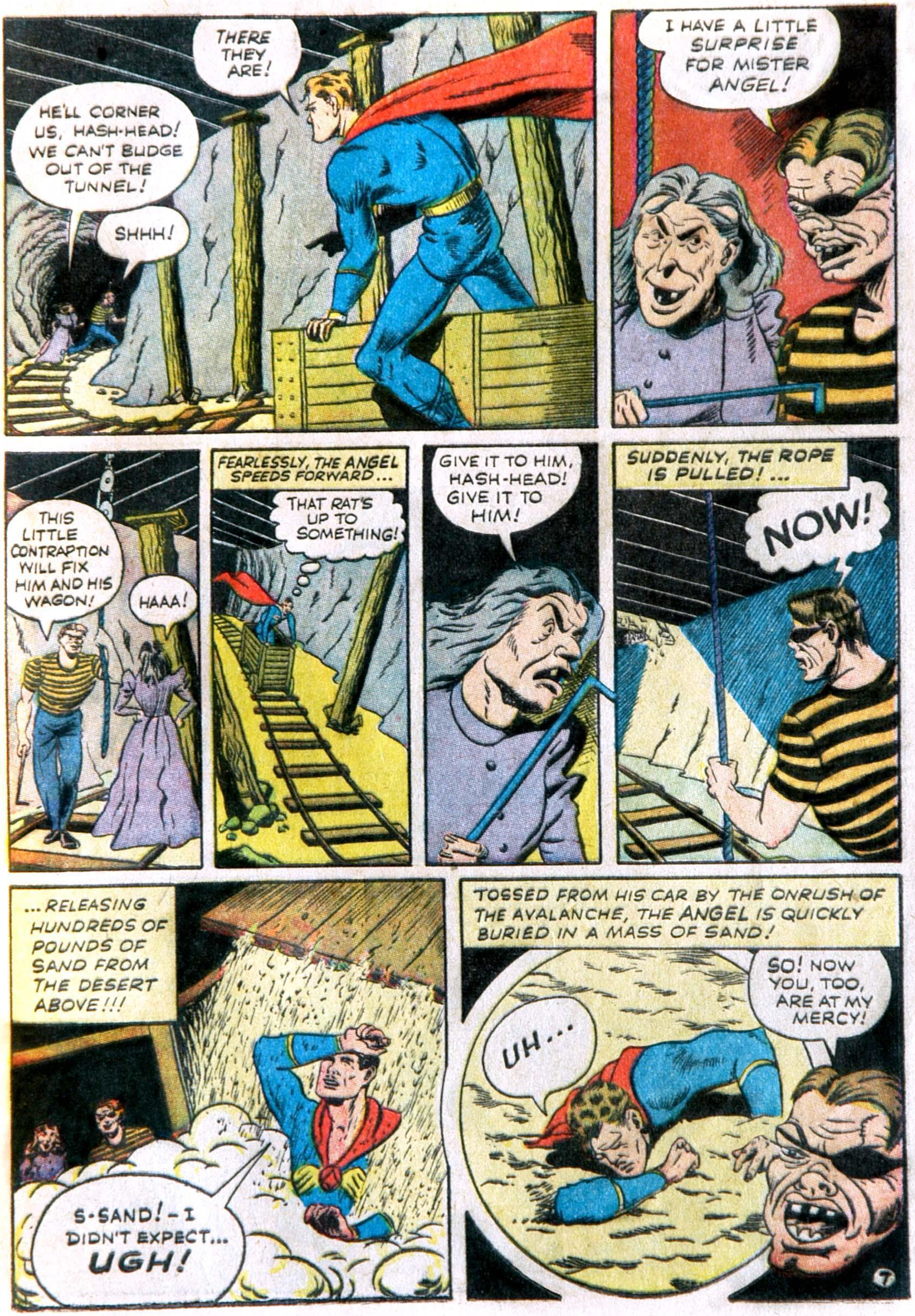
THE ANGEL IS IN HOLLYWOOD ON A WELL-EARNED VACATION...
SPECIAL NEWS FLASH... HOLLYWOOD...
WHAT NOW!
MARAMOUNT STUDIOS ANNOUNCES THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF GEORGE KRENT, HANDSOME LEADING MAN! THIS IS THE TENTH MOVIE STAR TO -------
WELL!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE LATEST EDITION OF THE LEADING NEWSPAPER IS DELIVERED BY A BELLHOP...
THANKS, MISTER!
EXTRA! ---- EXTRA!
EVENING CALL
FAMOUS ACTOR DISAPPEARS
POLICE HAVE NO CLUES!
MIGHTY FUNNY THAT ONLY MALE STARS ARE MISSING! IS THIS A COINCIDENCE—OR PART OF A PLAN?
SOME TIME LATER...
IT WAS NICE OF MY DIRECTOR-FRIEND TO INVITE ME ALONG ON "LOCATION"!
The BROWN DERBY
BROWN
A HALF HOUR LATER, HE ARRIVES AT THE DESERT SET...
-NEVER SEEN A COMPANY ON "LOCATION" BEFORE--OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING--
HELLO, ANGEL!
HELLO, B.C.! -HOPE I'M ON TIME TO SEE YOU WORK!
NOT QUITE! MYRON TOWER, OUR LEADING MAN, HASN'T SHOWN UP YET!


HE'S MORE THAN TWO HOURS LATE ALREADY!
DO YOU THINK SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM?
IM AFRAID SO... HE'S THE THIRD LEADING MAN SINCE WE STARTED TO MAKE THIS PICTURE! THE COMPANY'S LOSING A FORTUNE!
WE 'PHONED HIS HOME AND WERE TOLD HE LEFT EARLY THIS MORNING BY BICYCLE!
BICYCLE, EH? PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!
ONCE OUT OF SIGHT, THE ANGEL SWIFTLY CHANGES TO FAMILIAR GARB, AND---
IT SHOULD TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR FROM HIS HOME TO THE SET ACROSS THE DESERT ... MAYBE I'LL FIND BICYCLE TRACKS!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
IT RAINED DURING THE NIGHT AND THE TRACKS ARE STILL CLEAR. I'LL FOLLOW THEM!
SMASHED UP! — TOWER MUST HAVE PUT UP A BATTLE! THERE'S A TRAIL OF BLOOD AS CLEAR AS DAY!
meanwhile... IN AN EERIE, ABANDONED GOLD MINE, BENEATH THE DESERT SAND...
WELL, MISTER MYRON TOWER, HAVE A SEAT!
SIT HIM DOWN HARD, HASH-HEAD! HEE-HEE!
YA DON'T FEEL LIKE SUCH A BIG-SHOT MOVIE HERO NOW, EH?
YOU'RE STARK MAD!

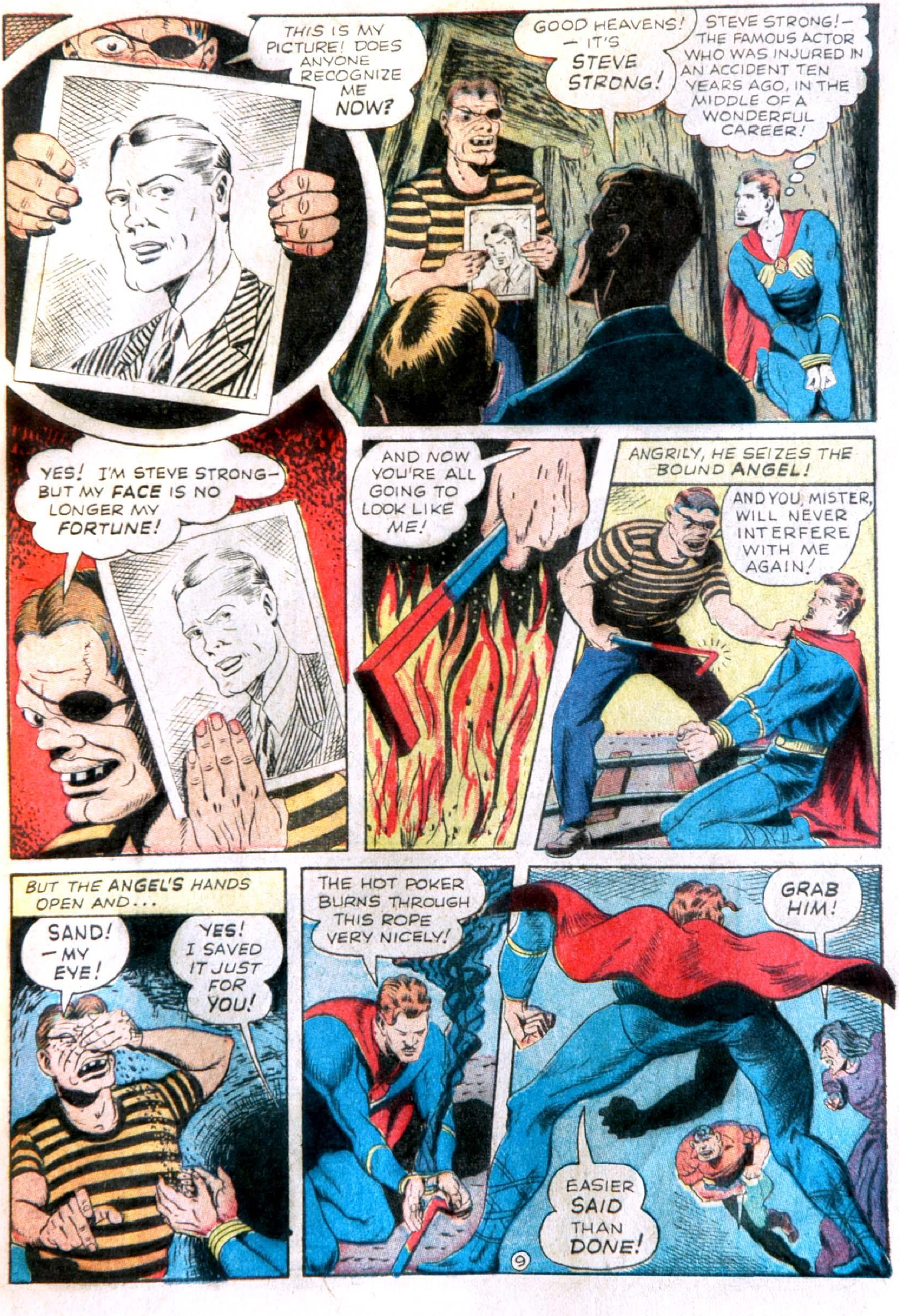

HASH-HEAD BARKS A COMMAND!
BRING IN THE OTHERS! QUICK!
YOU BET, BOSS!
SOON...
ENOUGH FER A WHILE, BOSS?
YEAH! THE FIRE'S READY!
THE POKER'LL BE RED HOT IN A MINUTE!
GOOD, MY DREAM-GIRL!
YOU FIEND! WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?
THIS HOT POKER WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWER! —BLAST YOU!
IN HOLLYWOOD, A FACE IS A FORTUNE! ... ONCE THE FACE IS DESTROYED, THE FORTUNE IS GONE, TOO!
I SHALL DESTROY YOUR FACE AND YOUR FORTUNE WITH THIS POKER! --
YOU'RE FIRST ON MY LIST, MYRON TOWER ... BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BEST-LOOKING!
NO! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
4


BUT..
AT THAT INSTANT, THE VOICE OF THE ENEMY OF EVIL IS HEARD!
STOP!
HOW...?
THE ANGEL!
GREETINGS! —MY UGLY FRIEND!
OWW!
SWIFTLY, HASH-HEAD'S ASSISTANTS SPRING TO THE RESCUE!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!
LOOK OUT!
GET HIM—OR WE'RE ALL COOKED!
HEEDING TOWER'S WARNING IN TIME, THE ANGEL WHIRLS AND CRASHES INTO THE THREAT OF DEATH THAT STRIKES FROM THREE SIDES AT ONCE!
USE THE POKER ON HIM, DREAM-GIRL!
NOW TO EXTERMINATE THE REST OF YOU RATS!
I'LL STOP HIM!
DON'T LET HIM OUT ALIVE!


DUCKING AND WEAVING, THE ANGEL SEIZES THE HUSKY THUG ...
AHHAAA!
YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE, JELLY-FACE!
OW!
THEN - BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER--
OOOOOO!
SOCKO...
THIS ONE WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!
MEANWHILE...
COME! FOLLOW ME!
YES, I'M COMING!
THEY'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE..
DON'T LET THOSE FIENDS GET AWAY, ANGEL!
HE WON'T GET US HERE IN THIS TUNNEL!
GOOD THING IT SLOPES DOWNHILL! -EASIER TO RUN!
THE ANGEL PUTS THE ORE CAR BACK ON IT'S TRACK ...
THIS'LL GET THEM TO RUN FASTER!
6


HE'LL CORNER US, HASH-HEAD! WE CAN'T BUDGE OUT OF THE TUNNEL!
THERE THEY ARE!
SHHH!
I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MISTER ANGEL!
THIS LITTLE CONTRAPTION WILL FIX HIM AND HIS WAGON!
HAAA!
FEARLESSLY, THE ANGEL SPEEDS FORWARD...
THAT RAT'S UP TO SOMETHING!
GIVE IT TO HIM, HASH-HEAD! GIVE IT TO HIM!
SUDDENLY, THE ROPE IS PULLED! ...
NOW!
...RELEASING HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OF SAND FROM THE DESERT ABOVE!!!
S-SAND! -I DIDN'T EXPECT... UGH!
TOSSED FROM HIS CAR BY THE ONRUSH OF THE AVALANCHE, THE ANGEL IS QUICKLY BURIED IN A MASS OF SAND!
UH...
SO! NOW YOU, TOO, ARE AT MY MERCY!

SOON AFTERWARD...
THE SAND HAS STOPPED COMING DOWN, MY HERO!
TOO BAD THIS POKER COOLED OFF!
THERE! NOW WE'LL SHOW HIM TO THE OTHERS!
I'LL GET HELP!
MINUTES LATER, SHE RETURNS WITH THE OTHER THUG...
HOW DID YOU DO IT, HASH-HEAD?
JUST TOO SMART FOR HIM!
UNCONSCIOUS, THE ANGEL IS CARRIED BACK TO THE FRIGHTENED ACTORS---
HERE'S YOUR HERO BACK!
OUR LAST HOPE IS GONE!
SURELY THE FAMOUS ANGEL IS AS HANDSOME AS THE REST OF YOU! I SHALL DESTROY HIS FACE FIRST!
AGAIN THE FIRE IS LIGHTED —AND THE DESPERATE HASH-HEAD PREPARES TO PLAY HIS TRUMP CARD!
GET ME MY PICTURE!
YES! AND WHAT A PICTURE!
AS THE WITCH-WOMAN RETURNS, THE HEAT FROM THE FIRE AWAKENS THE ANGEL!
HERE IT IS!
OH-H-H-H! MY HEAD!


THIS IS MY PICTURE! DOES ANYONE RECOGNIZE ME NOW?
GOOD HEAVENS! — IT'S STEVE STRONG!
STEVE STRONG! — THE FAMOUS ACTOR WHO WAS INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT TEN YEARS AGO, IN THE MIDDLE OF A WONDERFUL CAREER!
YES! I'M STEVE STRONG — BUT MY FACE IS NO LONGER MY FORTUNE!
AND NOW YOU'RE ALL GOING TO LOOK LIKE ME!
ANGRILY, HE SEIZES THE BOUND ANGEL!
AND YOU, MISTER, WILL NEVER INTERFERE WITH ME AGAIN!
BUT THE ANGEL'S HANDS OPEN AND...
SAND! — MY EYE!
YES! I SAVED IT JUST FOR YOU!
THE HOT POKER BURNS THROUGH THIS ROPE VERY NICELY!
GRAB HIM!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

MEANWHILE...
DID YOU SEE HOW THE ANGEL GOT RID OF HIS BONDS?
YES! —GET THE POKER!
THE ANGEL MEETS HIS FOE WITH A WELL-PLANNED HOLD!
THIS TIME YOU STAY PUT...
USING HIS HIP AS A LEVER, HE THROWS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER.
WHA-?
YOU'LL WAKE UP WITH AN AWFUL HEAD-ACHE!
GOOD WORK, ANGEL! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
I'M NOT THROUGH, YET!
THIS'LL SETTLE YOUR HASH, HASH-HEAD!
And SO... JUSTICE OVERTAKES THE TERRIBLE THREE! CAPTURED AND BOUND, THEY ARE HANDED OVER TO THE POLICE...
LATER...
LOOK! OUR MISSING LEADING MEN! ALL OF THEM!
I'M SAVED!
...AND THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL! IT WAS HE WHO GOT THEM!
GREAT! NOW WE CAN GET STARTED!
The SHADOW OF THE ANGEL OVERSHADOWS ALL CRIME!
LET'S OVERSHADOW THE ENEMY WITH A DELUGE OF WAR MATERIALS BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY YOU USE TO PURCHASE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

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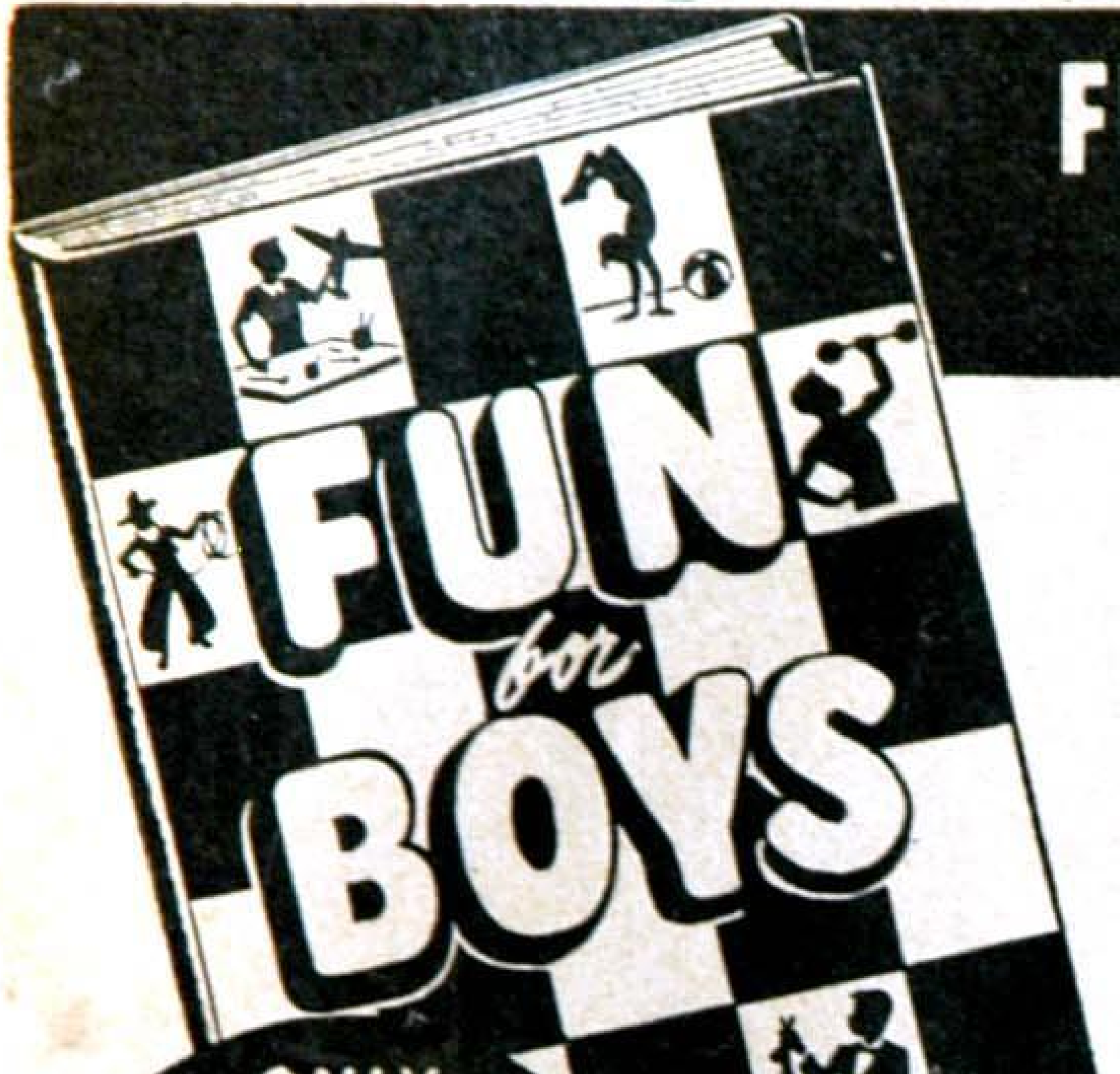

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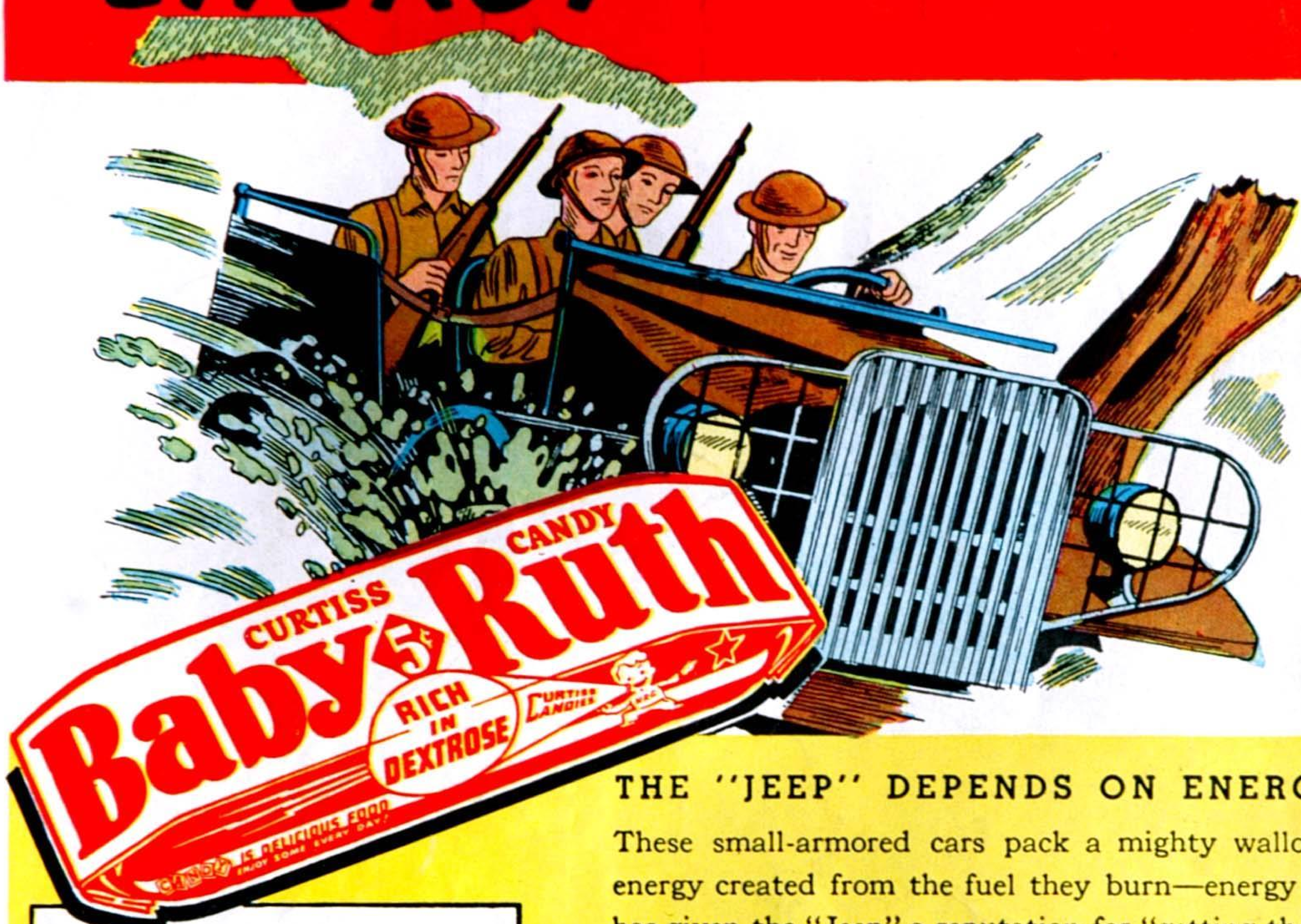

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